Volume XII. Number 12.

The UNITARIAN

DECEMBER, 1897.

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GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS FOR ENGLAND: H. RAWSON & CO., 16 NEW BROWN ST., MANCHESTER.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: To subscribers in the United States and Canada, One Dollar a year in advance, postage free. To foreign subscribers, $1.25 in American money or 5 shillings in English money.

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One Dollar for Twelve Months.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, - - 141 Franklin Street, Boston.

The UNITARIAN

Volume XII. DECEMBER, 1897 Number 12.

CHRIST'S LIFE.

BY WILLIAM E. DAVENPORT.

[From a volume entitled "Poetical Sermons," just published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, and containing some remarkably fine poems by Mr. Davenport.]

Can he who has known love forget that he has known it?
Or can he who has sat in rapture, recognizing affinities undreamed before, forego the blissful memory of that hour?
Nay! till death strikes him, he can ever whisper, —still thrilling at the thought,—
"I was a lover once!"
Nor taint, nor years of loveless shame, nor long decades of dull self-prostitutions, avail to utterly obliterate that high, remembered hour and experience.
The lover in him lives, though chained, imprisoned, silenced, famished now.
Lo! in mankind's long lifetime,
'Mid centuries of shame and eras of unholy life and license,
Its love-hour lives remembered.
The life of Christ on earth,—humanity's most high, divine experience,—
That was its holy love-time!
Oh, 'tis indeed impossible
That henceforth mankind wholly should forego the sense of that which one true man hath come to.
That cannot be! Love shall be all men's life at last, even as 'twas truly one man's whole life once.
Yea! love is even now each true man's life,
Naught else being life in any.

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By Rev. FRANK LOWE PHALEN, Minister Second Congregational Unitarian Society, Concord, N.H.

What you see depends upon where you stand.

"And the Lord calleth unto him out of the mountain."—Ex. xix. 3.

One who has never thought of the matter will be surprised to find what a conspicuous part the mountains play in the history and life of humanity. In ancient days, before the spirit of adventure and discovery had taken possession of the world, the mountains were formidable barriers between races and nations. They separated the people who dwelt on either side of them almost as perfectly as if an ocean had rolled between.

One main cause of the constant warfare and hostility which formerly prevailed between tribes and nations was ignorance of each other. Rivers, lakes, forests, seas, and mountains held people apart; and nations which do not trade or associate with each other are usually suspicious and jealous of their neighbors. They are apt to misunderstand each other, and to cherish misconceptions and prejudices which are groundless and absurd. When the time came that roads were made over and around the mountains and the people on either side were brought into relationship, the first step out of savagery and barbarism was taken.

If you look at the map of Christendom and of any nation or state within its borders, you will find that the spread of civilization, culture, and religion, has gone on side by side with the conquest of man over nature.

As we have tunnelled the Alps and surmounted the Rockies, as we have laid cables under the ocean and the telegraph across the valleys and over the hills and climbed along the spurs and through the notches and passes of the mountains with our steel rails and stout locomotives, overcoming the most formidable obstacles and bringing the ends of the earth together, the ignorance and superstition of early days which made men enemies have largely disappeared. The intelligence of the human mind, the skill and dexterity of the human hand, have decreased the apparent size and strangeness of the earth. Before the mastery of man's imperial intellect the mountains, the continents, and the wide and turbulent seas have become submissive and unwearied servants. Man, so insignificant and puny as he stands beneath the shadow of the mountains or walks along the shining sands of the sobbing sea,—man has become the monarch of the world, sitting enthroned amid the mysteries of the universe, and wielding a sceptre the power and splendor of which increase with the sunrise of each new day.

The mountains have had an important influence upon the ethical ideas and religious sentiments of men. It is said by philosophers that the spirit of pessimism and despair, which has prevailed so widely in India, was largely caused by the influence of those awful and majestic mountain peaks which frown down upon the followers of Buddha. The rocky Titans, which in India rise to tremendous altitudes, seem to say that "man and all his hopes and efforts are airy nothing" when confronted and overshadowed by the everlasting summits which are lost to sight in the vaulted sky.

Then the mountains have always been the home of brave and intrepid patriots, from the days of the Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans down to the days of the Swiss and the Highlanders and our own American mountaineers. There is something about the air and influence of the mountains which gives vigor to the mind and force to the character. They are the nursery of patriots.

Again, the mountains have been thought of by primitive tribes, and are still so thought of by savages, as the home of departed spirits. Heaven to the early inhabitants of many parts of the earth was not in the sky, but away up on the summits and table-lands of lofty mountains. The abode of the dead and the home of the gods were believed to be upon the mountain tops; and it required only a slight effort of thought to transfer the primitive conception of heaven from these mountain summits to the sky, which to early man was supposed to be a substantial and material realm just above the loftiest peaks. Altars were built upon the mountain tops, and sacrifices were there offered, that the worshippers might be as near as possible to the abode of their gods. Zeus, the chief deity of the Grecian mythology, had his throne in the sky; but he came down frequently upon Mount Olympus in Thessaly. The ancient Hebrews regarded the mountains with awe; and, when Moses, their greatest prophet and leader, was admitted to the counsels of Jehovah, it was not in the valley nor upon the sea, but amid the lonely peaks and awful solitudes of the mountains. Jerusalem, the holy city of the Jews, was built upon a mountain. Athens, the crown and symbol of Greek glory and culture, sat, like a queen, with mountains to guard her on every hand; and Rome, the Eternal City, was planted on the everlasting hills. The Ten Commandments were given to the world from Mt. Sinai, and Jesus delivered the immortal Beatitudes from a mountain side. The Psalms, the Prophets, the drama of Job, and the Gospels and Epistles of the New Testament are thickly interspersed with references and allusions to the mountains. When we consider, therefore, the prominent part they have played, and will always play, not only in the material and secular affairs of men, but also in their moral and æsthetic and spiritual development and enjoyment, we may well commend with a deep appreciation of its pertinency and truth the beautiful saying of Ruskin: "The mountains seem to have been built for the human race, as at once their schools and their cathedrals, full of treasures of illuminated manuscript for the scholar, kindly in simple lessons to the worker, quiet in pale cloisters for the thinker, glorious in holiness for the worshipper."

It is Wordsworth, whose love of nature was a passion pure and strong, who sings,—

"Two voices are there: one is of the sea,
One is of the mountains; each a mighty voice."

It was my good fortune to spend ten days of my vacation among New Hampshire's and New England's noblest natural treasures,—the White and Franconia Mountains; and, though I was impressed and enraptured by many a varied scene as I gazed upon those monarchs of the hills in the full blaze of noon or watched their splendid outlines and shadowy forms silhouetted against the sky as the sun stole away, leaving twilight to reveal God's glory upon the empurpled peaks; though the morning with its freshness and sweetness charmed me, and the night with its serenity and peace brought a calm joy to my soul,—there was one vision and one experience deeper than all the others that came to me among the mountains. It was my visit to the "Old Man of the Mountain," and the thoughts suggested by that experience.

The text declares that "the Lord called" unto the great law-giver of the Hebrews "out of the mountain." I have no doubt of the truth of this ancient declaration. I believe that God not only spoke to Moses out of the mountains of Arabia and Syria, but I believe he spoke to Tyndall and Agassiz out of the Alps. He speaks to-day; and, when we stand in awe before the towering summit of Washington or Lafayette, and the fret and fury of the noisy world have died away in our hearts, then we can hear God speak to us out of the mountain, and say with Coleridge,—

"O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought; entranced in prayer,
I worshipped the Invisible alone."

It had been a week of unprecedented heat. Even in the mountains the air was hot and stifling; and, when a fitful breeze was bold enough to toy with the leaves and branches of the trees, or rustle the grain or the grass, or gently fan one's brow, it felt like the hot breath of a furnace on one's cheek instead of a summer zephyr. Day after day the fierce and blistering sun poured down its waves of scorching heat, until both nature and human nature lay wearied and wilted beneath such fiery solar radiation. The wind forgot to blow, unless from the south, with torrid torment on its wings. The windows of heaven were shut against the gentle summer rain, and even the nights were restless and long.* But at last a change came sweeping with swift and silent revolution over the hot and dusty earth. Beyond the mountains the storm-clouds were marshalled in solid columns, black and huge and angry. The air grew still, the hum of insects sounded strange and ominous, the swallows shot in swift circles low down along the fields. Not a leaf stirred. Not a twig moved. The sun disappeared. A sombre light, gray and gloomy, overspread valley and forest. The mountains were enveloped. The landscape grew dim. The sky shut down.

Now and then a big drop of rain whirled earthward, and bespattered the ground. There were distant mutterings and rumblings, and suddenly a lurid flash along the hurrying lines of heaven's embattled hosts. The hour had come. The heavy artillery of God shook the heavens and the earth, and went booming away with endless echoes among the crags and ravines of the mountains. Flash after flash, vivid and terrible, blazed on every side. The flood-gates were thrown wide open, and rain and hail came down with furious onslaught. The wind became wild and furious, rushing madly over the landscape, tearing leaves, and sometimes whole branches, from shrub and tree, and compelling the sturdiest monarch of the fields to bend his lordly head before its mighty power.

So raged the tempest for an hour or more; and then, as in our human lives, when passion's storm has spent its fury, the turbulence and wrath subsided, and mother Nature smoothed her brow, and even deigned to smile, as the night with its stars came, treading closely upon the twilight so welcome and so beautiful, which marked the glorious ending of the storm and the departing day.

When morning dawned, our awakened senses were saluted by Nature in her loveliest moods. She never looked so fair and sweet before. Just to look out upon the eternal hills looming up so majestically in the clear tonic air, just to smell the fragrance of that morning after the rain, and to watch the tints and hues that played upon the sunny landscape, just to be alive, with eyes to see the miracles, and ears to hear the music, and hearts to feel the splendor and beauty,

*This was at Bethlehem, August, 1896.

and brains to think about the wonder and the mystery of it all,—this was a boon to stir the soul with gratitude to God. At such an hour we can enter into the exalted mood of Emerson, when he said, "Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous."

But I must come at once to my point. I stood on the day after that storm before the Great Stone Face of the Old Man of the Mountain. The world was robed in glory. The day was perfect.

"A hollow glen was here;
On each side crags arose; and through the midst,
With pine-trees shaded round, a streamlet flowed."

And there outlined against the sky, on the very crest of the mountain twelve hundred feet above me, was that marvellous, massive, sphinx-like face, looking out over the world with its expression unchanged while the centuries come and go. There it has remained

"Aloft on sky and mountain wall,
Touched by a light that hath no name,"

while the tribes and the generations, the races and nations, have come and tasted the sweet and bitter in life's chalice, and then gone onward into the silence which is never broken and the glory that is still unsung.

O wonderful face of stone! no smile of love nor frown of hate disturbs thy passionless peace. At noon's high hour, at midnight's hush, at dawn, at twilight, thou art still the same silent riddle. Our hearts may break with sorrow and remorse, our lives may be loveless and empty; but thou art unmoved. Our cup may run over, and joy and fortune intoxicate us with happiness; yet thou art careless of all that makes the sunshine and the shadow of human life. No wonder legend has woven its bright and sombre stories about such a striking natural phenomenon. No wonder the Indian saw in that godlike profile an image of the Great Spirit. No wonder, when the tribes were happy and prosperous, they thought that stony face smiled down upon them, and blessed them. But, when the white man came and civilization began to encroach upon their wild, untutored ways, that face seemed to grow stern and sad, as a token that the destruction of the dusky tribes of the forest was at hand.

Much might be said, as much is felt, by any one who looks upon that marvellously suggestive landmark; but the impression which came to me, when I first gazed in wonder upon it, and which lingers with me now, is that *what we see depends upon where we stand.* In other words, the point of view is almost everything.

The point of view determines our appreciation not only of natural scenery and material beauty, but also our appreciation of every phase and condition of life and its experiences. The point of view makes the difference between the thrifty lumberman, who would cut down those mountain forests which are the glory and pride and protection of New Hampshire,—nay, of New England,—and the lover of nature and humanity, who would preserve them for the joy of unborn millions, not only on account of their beauty, but also on account of their utility. The point of view of the lumberman does not rise above the level of the dollar. He cares not how he disfigures the mountains and turns away the lover of nature, who is affronted and saddened by finding axes and steam saw-mills destroying the rarest and noblest scenery in New England.

"Penny-wise and pound-foolish" the Granite State will be if it does not stay the hand of the destroyer before the charm and beauty of the grand old mountains and their beautiful and sacred shrines have been ruthlessly desecrated.

But I am not a retained attorney to defend our priceless natural attractions which God has given us in the mountains. I am only solicitous that those splendid gifts of the Creator which seem to be intended for the delight and uplifting of the world should not be ruined and despoiled.

I confess it is a shock to one's sentiment of the beautiful to find the lumberman and his axe slashing away in the heart of the Franconia Notch, and to see the ugly, barren spots between the Profile and the Flume where the noble trees once proudly stood.

What you see in nature, in man, in your home, in your friends, in your duties, in your sorrows, in your church, in your religion, in the future, depends upon where you stand. The point of view is everything.

There is only one spot from which a good view of that remarkable Profile can be had. If you look from there, you can see the mys-

terious face. If you look from above this spot or from below it, you see nothing but a rocky cliff without form or outline. The point of view makes all the difference between a mass of shapeless rock and a massive profile, so perfect and striking that it suggests an imprisoned deity looking out upon the world of human joy and sorrow with an expression of eternal calm.

If you stand in a valley, your view is narrow and limited. If you ascend the mountains and look abroad, your eye sweeps a wide horizon. If you visit a great city, you may look into the faces of thousands of men and women. If you are alone at sea in an open boat, you can see nothing but the silent sky above and the solemn sea below.

If we come to the intellectual world, the point of view is as important here as in the physical world. Suppose, to borrow an illustration from a scholar, a savage should be taken into a splendid library. What would he see there? Nothing but the colors and forms of books, which would convey no message to his mind. The rich furnishings and the bright bindings might attract him for a moment. Beyond this he would see nothing. But let a scholar enter, a civilized man, with brain developed, and mind and heart richly stored with the intellectual treasures of the ages. To him the volumes of Homer and Dante, Bacon and Shakspere, Emerson and Longfellow, would speak with a language of inspiration and power.

Both the savage and the scholar looked at the same library. The savage did not see anything in it, while the man of letters saw in it a rich and exhaustless mine of lofty thoughts and noble sentiments.

Two men live on the same street, and at night they step out of their homes into the open air. The sky is splendid with ten thousand celestial tapers, and the moon shines down serenely from her heavenly throne. One man looks up at the night sky, and is glad because it does not storm; but he has no mental appreciation of the marvel and mystery above him. The other man gazes aloft with awe until his brain whirls and his mind grows dizzy in trying to grasp the nature of the power and wisdom that rules the hosts of heaven.

Plato, Spinoza, Hegel, Spenser, Fiske, can look into the secrets of mind and matter, can wrestle with problems of eternity and infinity; but most of us are puzzled and perplexed by the every-day, commonplace problems that are nearer home. In the intellectual world the rule holds that what you see depends upon where you stand.

Once more, take an untrained mind to listen to the rendering of some masterpiece of music, some symphony divine; and, though even an uncultivated but sympathetic soul can feel the passion and power in the storm of sweet sound, music cannot be completely enjoyed except by one whose insight and culture are adequate to appreciate its deepest and highest interpretation.

So in sculpture. Two men may look at the same statue of Apollo or Venus. One will see only a clever piece of workmanship. The other will see a vision of beauty, and vivify the lifeless marble with a soul of loveliness. So in the painter's landscape, or his portrait, or his study of the mountains or the sea. One will see only a mass of color and a confused effect. Another will find a revelation of nature deftly transferred to canvas by the artist's skill. To the prepared soul the canvas, if a work of art, will tell its inspiring and faithful story. To the soul without insight and sympathy it will say nothing, and appeal in vain.

Look at the moral realm in which we all live and move. Here, as elsewhere, what we see depends upon where we stand. If we stand on a low level, we shall estimate everything from a low standpoint. If we stand upon a high and noble plane, we shall estimate motives and deeds and principles not from selfish and ignoble and suspicious points of view, but from the very highest.

There is only one point of view from which the Profile can be seen to best advantage. You may look at it, if you please, from other angles of vision; but you will not see the Great Stone Face. So there are many ways of looking at religion and its claims upon us, upon God and our relation to him, upon the Master and our duty as Christians. There is the way of indifference, the way of selfishness, the way of doubt, the way of antagonism, the way of superstition, the way of bigotry, and, last of all, the way of joy and blessed service. Now, if these different points of view are honestly examined, it will be found that they are all imperfect and astray, so far as they depart from the

Christian standpoint. If you will come to this, and look up at the heavens, you shall see not a cold, impassive stone face, but a countenance of divine approval, of infinite tenderness, of everlasting love, of almighty strength,—the one Eternal Face in whose presence and beneath whose smile we live and move and have our being.

O ye mountains of earth, in whose majesty and strength, in whose peace and beauty, we find a symbol of the eternal God! O ye peaks of glory, ye summits of serene and solemn joy! speak to our hearts. Break the silence of the centuries. Bring down from heaven above the messages we long to hear, and teach us, by your grand, sublime repose, to still the tumult of our impatient hearts, and to listen to what the great God shall speak.

Not in the valleys of life in aimless ease and self-complacency, not among the thoughtless and indifferent multitude who pass beside the mountains and the sea, but miss their glory,—nay, not here be our self-chosen lot in life; but up among the summits of God, with wide views and high hopes and brave hearts, let us strive and work and pray.

Hark! Out of the mountain of life, out of the clouds that girt its summit, there comes a clear and stirring call,—"Arise ye, arise ye, and seek the eternal hills of God."

"THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT."

The Ideals of Robert Burns compared with Present-day Scotch Orthodoxy.*

BY REV. ALEX. WEBSTER.

Scotchmen generally affirm that the Scottish Muse gave her fullest inspiration and her fairest crown to Burns, and accept his poetry as the most perfect expression in their own tongue of the thoughts and feelings native to the Scottish soul.

The admiration of the poet, which has grown with the increasing years, has justified his way of looking at things, and proved how congenial his ideas and emotions are to the Scottish mind and heart.

His humor and pathos, his wit and wisdom, his freedom and reverence, come home to the soul of the enthusiastic Scot as the bird to its nest and the bee to its hive. His sayings have become part of the classic literature of Scotland, and his spirit is a vivifying influence in the very constitution of the Scottish man. No discussion regarding his sentiments is possible. They have in their favor the intuition of a century. His writings represent the mother-wit of the Scottish intellect.

In the "Cotter's Saturday Night" Burns explicitly deals with the religious side of the Scottish character, and very distinctly expresses his thoughts regarding it.

The poem was written on a wintry day, at Mossgeil, in 1795, as a memorial of his father's intelligence and piety. The scene in the "Aul' Clay Biggan" at the taking of the book by his father made a profound impression on his memory, and after his father's death the remembrance of the solemn hour came up before him with pathetic freshness. While toiling with pain of heart on the luckless farm, and thinking of boyish days spent under the most thoughtful, fatherly care ever experienced by any boy, the picture of the lowly worshippers formed itself vividly in his mind, and was put into words in all its sublimely simple graphicness.

No incident round which poetic concern ever gathered could be lowlier than that which took place in the kitchen of the now famous cot, but Burns elevated it to a national importance in his treatment of it.

The central figure in the scene is the poet's father,—the "toil-worn cotter," the "sire" who, with "patriarchal grace," turns over the pages of the "big ha' Bible," the "saint" who prays so devoutly.

In William Burness, thus immortalized, we have set before us a type of "God-fearing Scotchmen." The ingle round which the cotter's family "formed a circle wide" represents the altar-fire of Scotland, round which Scottish piety gathers worshipfully.

Though the incident is particular and the details are local, Burns lets us see that in his purpose the worship has a wide reference. He thinks of the night on a national scale, and says,—

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs."

* This article is condensed for the *Unitarian* from the McQuaker Trust Lecture, published by Philip Green, London.

And so the piece grows from the loving account of a cotter's homely devotions to the dimensions of a drama representing the pious acts of a reverent people.

The hero of the poem, in his genial solemnity, engages our interest. From him the poem takes its significance. In the light of his strong character the deeper meaning of the piece is seen. There is a touch of severity in his countenance; but it is subdued by the kindness which draws the "expectant wee things" forth "wi' flichterin' noise and glee" to meet him, and which also evokes "his thrifty wifie's smile." We discern that he is a man of orderly habits, serious disposition, and stately integrity, having in him withal a tender compassion and a deep undercurrent of paternal affection.

But the chief thing which we should know is that the father of Burns was a heretic in theology and religion. If he was not actually a Unitarian, he was next to one. It may be that he took the seeds of heresy with him from Montrose to Ayr; for it was at Montrose, in 1781, that Unitarianism first appeared in Scotland in organized form. But in Ayr itself, in his day, the "New Light" views shone out in the teaching of Drs. Dalrymple and Macgill. These divines were in close touch with English Unitarian preachers, and were treated as "Socinians." The Burns family, as Carruthers tells, were regarded as Unitarians. One notable book by a Unitarian divine—Taylor's "Original Sin"—is very specially mentioned in one of the letters of Burns. That volume would have a strong interest for the inquiring cotter, for in it all the texts cited in the "Larger Catechism" to prove the dogma of the Fall were critically examined. Whether it was that book or his own reflections that made William Burness resolve not to teach his children Calvinistic views, we cannot discover; but we know that he prepared a manual of devotion for his family of an heretical kind.

There can be no doubt that Burns was reared on Unitarian lines. And his reading of such works as that of the Norwich controversialist would enable him to take the part described by himself in the polemical discussions then so common in the west, in which he "scored heavily" against the upholders of Calvinism, and raised the cry of heresy around him.

A remarkable admission of the heterodoxy was recently made in an orthodox journal (*British Weekly*, Feb. 11, 1897). In the "Correspondence of Claudius Clear," and in the course of a review of the Chambers-Wallace edition of the works of Burns, the writer said, "It might not be too much to say that both Burns and his father were Unitarians."

It is likely that they had read other Unitarian works besides the one on "Original Sin," which they prized so much; for it would be sure to whet their appetite for more of the same sort. Six years before he wrote the "Cotter's Saturday Night," Burns mentioned the name of Joseph Priestley in a letter; and we may infer that he had read some of the theological writings of the learned scientist.

In one of his later poems, "Epistle from Esopus to Maria," he associated himself in a very plain way with the notorious Thomas Fyshe Palmer, Unitarian minister, Dundee, who was banished—along with Thomas Muir—for political heresy. He describes himself thus; —

> "The shrinking bard adown the alley skulks,
> And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks;
> Though there, his heresies in Church and State
> Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate."

The presence of Unitarian books in a Scottish cotter's house, then, is a very significant thing. It proves that the father of Burns was an extraordinary man, open-minded and courageous. His composition of a manual of devotion for his children also marks him as a man of unusually advanced opinions and force of character.

Well might Burns revere his thoughtful parent, and lay his tuition deeply to heart. That reverence was the rock out of which there came the spring of rationalism and hatred of hypocrisy which we find flowing all the way with Burns as a writer.

He was an apt pupil, and his own thought ran readily on the lines of his father's ideas. The embodiment of his thoughts in his poems gave to the heresies a scope far beyond that ever dreamt of by his father, when he took pains to express his religious ideas for his children's sake. It is not too much to say that the work of Burns could not have been what it was but for the Uni-

tarian leaven which came to him through the teaching of his father.

There is a remarkable element in the poem which John Ruskin discerned, and which casts a side light on its heretical character. Speaking of children in art and literature, and of the influences which "compelled our painters to represent the children of the poor as in wickedness or misery," he says: "I am not able to say with whom, in Britain, the reaction first begins, but certainly not in painting until after Wilkie, in all of whose works there is not a single example of a beautiful Scotch boy or girl. I imagine in literature we may take the 'Cotter's Saturday Night' and the 'toddlin' wee things' as the real beginning of child benediction."

That the reaction happily called "child benediction" should be traceable in that way to the "Cotter's Saturday Night" is a very notable thing. And there are connections of the fact equally notable. Modern humanitarianism, of which "child benediction" is a branch, originated, on its religious side, with heretics, mostly Unitarian. The first Sunday-school in England was started by Theophilus Lindsey, the Unitarian clergyman of Catterick. It is in the "Aul' Clay Biggan" that we find the Scottish counterpart of that school. In the case of William Burness we have the first historic attempt of a Scotch layman to give original religious instruction to his children. Why was it left to a heretic to take this initiative? Why was Burns the first to depict "child benediction" in literature? The reason is plain.

Calvinism taught the *depravity* of children and the reprobation of infants even. Unitarianism taught the divinity of the child-nature, and gave a moral worth to every child. Thus it awakened an educational interest in children, and revived the thought, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

William Burness was taught the benediction instead of the curse of children by Taylor's book; and we may well suppose that his affectionate treatment of his own bairns influenced Burns in writing the lines in the "Cotter's Saturday Night," noted by John Ruskin.

An orthodox parent could not but look upon his child with dread lest he should not be among the elect, and therefore go to hell. To think of educating a nature wholly evil was not permissible. Learning would be worse than thrown away; it would only make children "clever deils." The Unitarian parent had no such fear. He looked with respect on his child, saw in it divine capacities, and felt it to be his duty to culture these. Hence various efforts for "child benediction": Sunday-schools, ragged schools, domestic missions, reformatories, etc., originated with Unitarians.

Very remarkable in this connection is that Saturday gathering by the cotter's "wee bit ingle," at which the younkers, in homely educative fashion, were warned to

> "Mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
> And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play;
> And, oh, be sure to fear the Lord alway,
> And mind your duty, duly, morn and night;
> Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
> Implore his counsel and assisting might:
> They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright."

That might well be set up as a model Sunday-school lesson. It is simple, thorough, and immediately practical. It is not the admonition of a dogmatist seeking to indoctrinate the mind, but of a compassionate man having more regard for qualities of character than for shades of opinion. It does not express care for creed, but concern for conduct.

Another touch of heresy in the poem is found in the action of the worshipful cotter as he "wales a portion" of Scripture "with judicious care." He does not open the book at random, and take any passage which comes to hand. He knows that it is not all for edification, that some of it must not be read to children; and so he is careful to select. Even from the Psalms—the part which offers itself most appealingly to his pious purpose—he is aware that he would be obliged to omit many verses of an imprecatory character. The New Testament also needed brains for its understanding, and his "waling" has to take effect there as well.

An endeavor has been made to prove the Orthodoxy of the poem by means of the fifteenth stanza, which thus begins:—

> "Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
> How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
> How he who bore in heaven the second name
> Had not on earth whereon to lay his head":

but the words do not furnish the proofs required.

There are many explicit statements in the letters of Burns which prove his heterodoxy beyond a doubt. He tells us that the cry of heresy was raised against him in his youth on account of his puzzlement of Calvinists. In a letter dated 14th of February, 1790 (the year in which he wrote "Tam o' Shanter") he said: "If there be any truth in the orthodox faith of these churches, I am damned past redemption and, what is worse, damned to all eternity. I am deeply read in Boston's 'Fourfold State,' Marshall on 'Sanctification,' Guthrie's 'Trial of a Saving Interest,' etc.; but there is no balm in Gilead, there is no physician there for me."

His thought regarding Jesus Christ is clearly expressed in a letter to Clarinda, in which he writes of him as "a great personage, whose relation to God we cannot comprehend, but whose relation to us is Guide and Saviour." That is not the language of an orthodox man. To Mrs. Dunlop he confessed his faith in Jesus as "from God" on account of the "sublimity, excellence, and purity of his doctrine and precepts," but added nothing indicative of a belief in the Deity of Jesus or in vicarious atonement.

If, then, we read the lines of "The Cotter's Saturday Night," which refer to Jesus in the light of these explicit declarations, we will see that they are not to be taken in an orthodox sense, but as having quite a different import. The theology of the poem is essentially unorthodox. Though we have the fear of the Lord spoken of, the feeling indicated is not the abject dread of the slave in presence of the despot, not terror before an angry Deity who can cast into hell,—not a fear of any cowering sort, but the natural and healthy awe of the finite facing the Infinite. It is a trusty reverence given to him—

> "Who made the heart: 'tis he alone
> Decidedly can try us;
> He knows each chord, its various tone,
> Each spring, its various bias"—

one to be looked up to, therefore, with filial confidence.

Wherein for us, then, does the essential meaning and message of the poem lie?

The poem is, first of all, an argument for personal liberty in religion. It says to the kirk and the presbyter, "Stand off with your dogmas, and leave the individual free to think for himself, and come to his own conclusions." It is a correction of the Protestantism which, in its turn, had become popish by setting up a creed as an absolute authority over the conscience. It is a vindication of the right of reason in the sight of God, a plea for personal religion. The deep-seeing cotter saw that the first thing to be respected for religion's sake was not the kirk nor even the Bible, but personal faculty, the constitution, the spiritual power of the individual.

He discerned that truth comes in different ways to different men and different ages, and therefore it was absurd to set up a perpetual dogmatic standard, to which all must conform their thought. Each mind, having its own form and quality, should be free to assimilate truth according to its particular characteristics; and each age, according to its own intelligence, should be at liberty to have its own ideas. An enforced uniformity of belief is a suppression of natural faculties, the reduction of all minds to an unhealthy flatness.

The cotter studied his own children, and became their teacher and priest. For their sake he thought out the theological question, and made a specialty of religion in his training.

The solution of religious education is here. It belongs primarily to parents to educate the religious faculties of their children, to watch their dispositions, and evoke the religious spirit in the line of their particular faculties. If they cannot do it themselves, they should secure its doing by others.

By parental indifferentism children are committed to the dogmatists, and are taught the authorized falsities. Thus, as has been truly said, "Every year rolls up its steady average of abuses unreformed, evils unchanged, falsities laughed at and maintained." Religious progress is made; but "it is as nothing compared with the progress that would be made if all the thinkers and educated people of the community were to seriously set themselves to the work of securing to their families, especially their children, the full benefits of their best knowledge, treating every attempt to teach

them fashionable falsities as they would an attempt to indoctrinate them in sorcery." That is the example set before us in "The Cotter's Saturday Night,"—an example as prophetic as it is admirable.

The deeper moral of the poem points not only to freedom of thought, but to thought worthy of freedom. It is not enough to be free to think: there should be deep, persistent, strenuous thinking. Intelligence is the first ground of liberty. A learned nation cannot be enslaved either by king or priest.

The poem also points to progressiveness in religion. Though the cotter prepared a manual of devotion for his children, it was not a dogmatic document, but was designed to stimulate and direct. That manual cut those who used it away from the creeds; but it connected them with the living God whose manifestation in nature was continuous, and whose inspiration of humanity was constant. It showed them principles that were better than dogmas, and presented to them a method of knowledge the application of which led them into a boundless region of truth. It taught them open-mindedness, comprehensiveness, and sympathy, and gave them the stimulating hope of "More Light."

And in this connection we see in the genial reasonableness of the cotter a prophecy of that

"Mightier church . . . whose covenant word
Shall be the deeds of love. Not *Credo* then,—
Amo shall be the passport through its gates.
Man shall not ask his brother any more
'Believest thou?' but 'Lovest thou?' and all
Shall answer at God's altar, 'Lord, I love.'"

SO GRACIOUS IS THE TIME.

Through the happy Christmas hours
Voices sweet are heard above;
Angels scatter fairest flowers
From their blessed garden bowers,
Turning here to deeds of love.

Through the merry Christmas cheer,
All our homes with gladness ring;
Paradise once more is here;
With the friends we love so dear,
We can hear what angels sing.

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

THE DEATH OF NERO.

A CHAPTER FROM ERNEST RENAN'S "ANTI-CHRIST," TRANSLATED AND EDITED BY JOSEPH HENRY ALLEN.

Nero died on the 9th of June, A.D. 68. During the great struggles in Judæa he was living his artist life in Greece, and he did not return to Rome until the end of '67. He had never enjoyed so much in all his life. To gratify him, all the games had been crowded into a single year. All the cities sent him the prizes of their contests. Committees were continually waiting on him, to beg him to go and sing at every place. This big boy, insatiate of novelty (or else in mockery) beyond all parallel, was transported with delight. "The Greeks," said he, "are the only real listeners: the Greeks alone are worthy of me and my exertions." He loaded them with privileges, proclaimed the freedom of Greece at the Isthmian games, handsomely rewarded the oracles that prophesied to please him and suppressed those he did not like, and, says Lucian, gave orders to strangle a singer who did not lower his voice so as to put his own in proper relief. Helius, one of the worthless wretches whom he had left behind at Rome with full powers over the city and Senate, urged him to return, as very serious political symptoms began to show themselves. Nero replied that his first duty was to his own reputation, for he must husband his resources against the time when he should no longer be emperor. His continual thought was, in fact, that, if fortune should ever reduce him to a private condition, he might maintain himself by his art; and, when any one remarked that he was fatiguing himself too much, he would say that the practice which was now only his relaxation as a prince might some day be the means of earning his daily bread. One of the things most flattering to the vanity of men of pleasure, who dabble a little in art or literature, is to imagine that, if they were poor, their talent would support them. Then, too, his voice was weak and dull, though he took the absurdest medical prescriptions of the time to preserve it. His singing-master never left him, and was constantly ordering the most childish precautions. One is ashamed to think that Greece was dis-

honored by this ignoble masquerade. A few cities, however, preserved their self-respect. The wretched pretender did not dare to enter Athens, and was never invited there.

Meanwhile the most alarming news kept coming in. He had now been almost a year away from Rome, and gave orders to return. The return was like the journey. In every city he received triumphal honors: the walls were torn down to let him enter. At Rome there was unexampled revelry. He rode upon the chariot in which Augustus had triumphed; beside him sat the musician Diodorus; on his head he wore the Olympic wreath; in his right hand he bore the Pythian laurel, while the other crowns were carried before him; on placards, to declare his victories, were written the names of those he had vanquished and the titles of the pieces he had played; then followed men trained in the three kinds of applause he had invented, and the "Knights of Augustus"; and the archway of the Circus Maximus was overthrown to let him enter. On every side shouts were heard: "Cheers to the Olympian conqueror! To the Pythian conqueror! Augustus! Augustus! To the Nero-Hercules! to the Nero-Apollo! The only all-around conqueror! the only one that ever was! Augustus! O sacred voice! happy he that hears!" The eighteen hundred and eight crowns he had won were displayed in the great Circus, fastened to the Egyptian obelisk which Augustus had set there as goal.

At length there was a revolt of conscience in the nobler portion of the human race. The East, excepting Judæa, endured this shameful tyranny without a blush, and even found itself at ease under its burden; but in the West the sense of honor was still alive. It is one of the glories of Gaul that the overthrow of such a tyrant was her deed. While the German soldiers, hating the Republic, and slaves to their maxim of fidelity, played—with Nero as with all the emperors—the part of good hirelings and body-guard, a cry of revolt was uttered by an Aquitanian, a descendant of ancient kings. The movement was truly Gallic. Without reckoning consequences, the Gallic legions plunged headlong into the revolution. The signal was given by Vindex about the 15th of March, 68. The news came speedily to Rome. The walls were soon scrawled with insulting inscriptions. "By his singing," said these ill jesters, "he has roused the cocks" (*gallos*)! At first, Nero only laughed at the jest: he was even well pleased with the chance of enriching himself by plunder of the Gauls. He continued to sing and amuse himself till Vindex posted placards in which he was described as a wretched artist. Then, from Naples, where he was, the play-actor wrote to the Senate, demanding vengeance, and set out for Rome, with the pretence, however, that his business was only about certain musical instruments, in particular a kind of hydraulic organ, about which he gravely consulted the Senate and the Knights.

The news that Galba had revolted on the 3d of April, and that Spain had sided with Gaul, which reached him while at dinner, struck him like a thunderbolt. He threw down the dinner table, tore the letter, broke in a passion two costly carved vases from which he used to drink. In the absurd preparations he began to make, his first care was for his instruments and stage-equipment, and for his women, whom he made to dress, like Amazons, in skins, carrying axes, and with hair close cut. There were strange alternations of despondency and of woful jesting, which it is equally hard to take as sane or insane, since all of Nero's acts hovered between the black malice of an evil-hearted dunce and the dreary irony of a used-up debauchee. He had no idea that was not childish. The world of affected art in which he lived had made him a complete simpleton. At times he thought not of resistance, but of going, unarmed, to weep before his enemies, fancying he might move them; and already he was composing the song of victory that should celebrate their reconciliation on the morrow. At other times he wished to massacre the whole Senate, burn Rome a second time, and during the conflagration turn loose upon the city the wild beasts of the amphitheatre. The Gauls were the chief object of his rage: he talked of slaughtering those who were in Rome, as favorers of their countrymen, and ready to join them. From time to time he had the thought of changing the seat of empire, and retiring to Alexandria. He called to mind that certain prophecies had promised him the empire of the East, and

in particular the kingdom of Jerusalem. He dreamed that he might find a living in his musical talent; and the chance of this, which would be the best proof of his skill, gave him a secret joy. Then he would console himself with literature: he remarked that his situation was peculiar; everything that happened to him was without parallel; no prince had in his lifetime lost so vast an empire. Even on the days of his keenest anguish he changed nothing of his customs. He would talk more of books than of the doings of the Gauls; he would sing, make display of wit, go to the theatre in disguise, or write privately to an actor whom he liked: "Hold back a man so busy as I? T'is a crime."

Discord in the Gallic camps, the death of Vindex, the weakness of Galba, might perhaps have delayed the deliverance of the world, but that the army at Rome at length declared itself. The prætorians revolted, and proclaimed Galba emperor on the 8th of June. Nero saw that all was lost. His perverse genius suggested to him nothing that was not grotesque. He would put on mourning, and, thus arrayed, would go forth to harangue the people, use all his scenic skill to move their pity, and thus obtain their pardon for the past, or, if nothing better, at least the government of Egypt. He wrote out his appeal, of which, says Suetonius, a draft was found after his death, but was warned that before he could reach the Forum he would be torn to pieces. He went to bed. Then, waking at midnight, he found himself without guards. Men were already plundering his chamber. He went out and knocked at several doors, but no one answered. He went back, wished to die, called for the gladiator Spiculus, a brilliant swordsman, one of the "stars" of the amphitheatre. Every one fell away. He went out again, roamed solitary about the streets, was going to throw himself into the Tiber, but returned upon his steps, the world seeming all void about him. His freedman Phaon then offered as a refuge his villa, situated between the Salarian and Nomentan ways, near the fourth milestone from the city. Wretched and half-clad, wrapped in a shabby cloak, mounted on a sorry beast, with his face covered so as not to be known, he went forth attended by three or four of his freedmen, among them Phaon, Sporus, and his secretary Epaphroditus. It was not yet daylight. As he went out by the Colline gate, passing near the prætorian camp, he overheard the cries of soldiers, who cursed him while proclaiming Galba. A dead body had been cast out on the highway; and his horse, starting suddenly, betrayed him. Still, he succeeded in reaching Phaon's villa, crawling on his belly under some briers or crouching behind the rushes.

His mocking temper, his street slang, did not fail him here. They wished to hide him in a shallow clay pit, such as are common thereabout; and this gave him the opportunity for a grim joke: "What a fate it is to go underground alive!" His discourse was like a running fire of classic quotations, interlarded with the stale buffooneries of a circus clown. At every point he had some bookish anecdote or some cold antithesis: "He who once walked proudly with a numerous train has with him now only three freedmen." At times the memory of his victims would come back to him, but led only to mere figures of speech, never to the moral emotion of remorse. The comedian outlived all else. The situation was to him only one more act in the play, which he had already rehearsed. Recalling the parts in which he had figured,—a parricide or a prince reduced to be a beggar,—he remarked that he was now playing it through in his own person, and would sing the verse which a tragedian once put in the mouth of Œdipus:—

> My doom of death is spoken by my father, mother, wife.

Incapable of serious thought, he bade them dig a grave to the measure of his body, and bring bits of stone, wood, and water for his burial rites, all the while sobbing, and saying, "What an artist is about to die!"

Meanwhile Phaon's messenger brought him a despatch, which Nero snatched from him and read,—that the Senate had declared him a public enemy, and condemned him to punishment "after the ancient custom." "What custom is that?" he asked. The reply was that the condemned person's bare head is made fast in a forked stick: he is then beaten to death with rods, and his body is dragged by a hook to be cast into the Tiber. He shivered, took two daggers

which he had about him, felt their point, and put them back, saying, "The fatal hour is not yet come." He then urged Sporus to begin the funeral wail, and tried again to kill himself, but could not. His awkwardness, his strange faculty of making every fibre of the soul ring false, the laughter as of both beast and devil, the clumsy vainglory which makes his whole life seem like the discordant cries of a grotesque witches' revel, reach the very sublime of the ridiculous. He could not succeed in killing himself. "May there not be some one here," he asked, "to set me the example?" He went back to his quotations, talked to himself in Greek, and made scraps of verse. All at once the sound was heard of a troop of horsemen, coming to seize him alive. And he recited from Homer,—

> The tramp of heavy horses is sounding in mine ears.

Then Epaphroditus pushed against the dagger, and the point entered his throat. At this moment the centurion came up, tried to stop the blood, and pretended that he had come to save him. "Too late!" gasped the dying wretch, his eyes standing out and his flesh chilled with terror. "That is your fidelity!" were his last words in dying. This was his master-stroke of comedy,—Nero letting fall a melancholy plaint at the iniquity of his age, the vanishing of good faith and virtue! *Plaudite!* The play is over. This once, thou Nature of a thousand moods, thou hast found an actor worthy to play such a part!

He had it much at heart that his head should not be given up to insult, and that his entire body should be burned. His two nurses, and Acte, who still loved him, buried him secretly in a costly shroud of white, stitched with gold, with the luxury which they knew had been dear to him. His ashes were put in the tomb of the Domitii, a great mausoleum overlooking the hill of Gardens (the *Pincian*), in fine view from the Campus Martius, the site of the modern city. From this site his phantom haunted the Middle Age like a vampire. To lay the ghosts which disturbed that quarter was built the church inscribed to the Holy Virgin of the People (*Santa Maria del Popolo*).

Thus, at the age of thirty-one, after a reign of thirteen years and eight months, died a sovereign, not the maddest or wickedest, but the most vain and ridiculous that chance ever lifted to the upper levels of history. Nero is, first of all, a literary distortion. He was far from being devoid of all talent or all right feeling,—this unfortunate youth, drugged with base literature, drunk with declamatory nonsense, who forgot the empire in his music-lessons; who, when he learned the revolt of the Gauls, would not tear himself away from the spectacle he was witnessing, applauded the victorious athlete, and for several days thought only of his lyre and his voice. In all this, the chief fault lay with the people, greedy of enjoyment, and demanding of its sovereign pleasure above all things; and with the false taste of the period, which reversed the standard of greatness, giving too high a prize of fame to the man of letters and the artist. The danger of literary education is that it inspires a measureless thirst for glory, without setting forth the stern lesson that shows the meaning of true glory. It was ordained that one by nature vainglorious and crafty, aspiring to the vast and boundless, unbalanced by sound judgment, should come to ghastly wreck. Even his better qualities, such as his aversion to war, were fatal to him, leaving to him only a taste for a kind of display that did not belong to him. Unless one were a Marcus Aurelius, one should not be too superior to the prejudices of his rank and condition. A prince has to do with arms and battles: his caste is that of the soldier. A great prince may and should be a patron of letters, but should not be himself a man of letters. Augustus and Louis XIV., leaders in a brilliant development of genius, are—next to cities of genius, like Athens and Florence—the finest spectacle in history; while Nero, Chilperic, and Louis of Bavaria are only caricatures. In the case of Nero the vastness of the imperial power and the brutality of Roman manners make the caricature look as if sketched in streaks of blood.

It is often said, to show the incurable corruption of the crowd, that Nero was in some respects popular. The truth is, there were two opposite drifts of opinion about him. All that was grave and honorable detested him. The lower class were fond of

him,—some, simply from the vague feeling that leads the poor plebeian to love a prince who has a showy outside; others, because he intoxicated them with gala-days. At such times he was to be seen mingling with the crowd, dining, or taking his repast at the theatre, in the heart of the mob. And, then, how he hated the Senate, the Roman nobility, whose temper was so harsh, so averse to the people! The high-livers who thronged about him were at least good-humored and civil. The soldiers of the guard, too, always kept a liking for him. For a long time his tomb was to be found decked with fresh flowers, and images of him were laid on the Rostrum by secret hands. The good fortune of Otho began through having been Nero's confidant and a follower of his ways. Vitellius, also, to find favor in Rome, affected openly to take Nero for his model, and to follow his rules of government. Thirty or forty years after everybody wished he were still alive, and longed for his return.

CALVINISM NO MORE.

ABSTRACT OF AN ADDRESS BY DR. GEORGE A. GORDON AT THE BEECHER ANNIVERSARY IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN.

The strange thing that confronts one almost everywhere to-day is the absence of theology, in the supreme sense of that word. For all thinking men who are in any measure open to the new light and spirit of our time, Calvinism as an adequate interpreter of the ways of God with men, or even as a working philosophy in life, is forever gone. And thus far nothing equally elaborate and commanding has arisen to take its place. There has been a great negation of one theology without, in the deepest sense, an equally great affirmation of another. We can imagine a parallel. We can imagine the explosion and rejection of the Ptolemaic system of astronomy without the introduction into the vacant place of the Copernican. That the sun and planets do not revolve around the earth we can suppose that men have become absolutely certain; that this little globe of ours is not the centre of the universe is clear; that what are called sunrise and sunset are but appearances can no longer be doubted. But nothing further is settled. No map of the heavens to replace the old one has yet been made, no scheme of the real centre and movements of the planetary system has yet been elaborated. Nothing exists but single thoughts, isolated discoveries, promising insights, that so far have not been wrought over into one comprehensive and sovereign conception. The old astronomy, with its appeal to sense, its wonderful hold upon the popular imagination, is gone; and the new, in anything like scientific shape, has not arrived.

If we can imagine the men of the fifteenth century as having lost Ptolemy without having found Copernicus, we shall have a parallel for the condition of things in theology to-day. Upon history, criticism, interpretation, the representative library of to-day is full of new books. One can have nothing but praise for the splendid achievement embodied in them. The limitation, however, is strikingly obvious. One looks almost in vain for books giving an elaboration into coherent and commanding form of the new ideas by which Christian men are living. The new ideas lie in our life with the most confusing and provoking miscellaneousness. We cry out for order. The house of faith must be rebuilt; and, for the last twenty-five years, scholars, the world over, have done nothing but collect materials. The house of faith remains to be built. We have materials in abundance, old and new; but the building is not in sight. If any man shall say we need none, because we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, he is simply mistaking the eternal pattern in the mount for the tabernacle below that it is still incumbent upon the spiritual intelligence to raise for the service and solace of all the journeying children of God. Books on theology proper, works dealing with ideas, and organizing them into a great and commanding whole, are lamentably few. It is so much easier to dig than to construct, to be intellectual hod-carriers than to be architects and builders of the habitation of the spirit.

A further confirmation of this contention may be had from a national instance. Five-and-twenty years ago Calvinism was dominant from one end of Scotland to the other. To-day it is dominant nowhere: it has, in-

deed, been utterly outgrown, and left behind. What has effected this great change? Chiefly the new Biblical scholarship, and not philosophical thinking. Prof. Davidson of Edinburgh, that quiet, shrewd, fascinating, resistless old scholar and maker of scholars, is behind it all. His greatest pupil, W. Robertson Smith, made an epoch in the national life of Scotland by his learning, and not by any departure from Calvinism. Others have risen up, and carried forward the work that he, with so much ability and courage, inaugurated. Hundreds of young leaders are to-day spreading the light. A corresponding movement has been running, during most of this time, in New Testament interpretation. For years Prof. A. B. Bruce, revered as a great teacher of the New Testament,—as much in America as in Great Britain,—was almost a solitary light. Now he is the centre of an ever-growing brotherhood of like-minded men. The same thing meets us at home. How many diligent, learned, and brilliant workmen we have in fields that pass under the general name of theology, it would be impossible to say. Nor would it be possible to do them too much honor. All our theological schools, or nearly all, are centres of fresh and fruitful activity. Many of our colleges and universities are in touch with the same spirit. But the movement has hardly got beyond the question of literature. It is the work of the scholar rather than the thinker: it is the gathering of knowledge rather than the organization of ideas. No one can value too highly these preliminaries. But preliminaries should have a tendency to become finals, tributaries should at least move onward toward the main stream, the interests of the scholar should merge at length in the greater interest of the thinker. And, although untold good must continue to come, in many ways from many ends, from Biblical scholarship, it is at least questionable if we have not already reached the permanent conception of the nature and office of the Holy Scriptures. They are simply the supreme literature of the religious life; and their authority, as in the teachings of Christ, is the authority of the highest of their kind. Historical criticism is, after all, a matter of environment. The content of the Bible, the word of God there, is the object of the enlightened human spirit. We need no longer delay our new building era on account of the Bible. Its hewn stones, resting upon the chief corner-stone, are already here and in place.

The absence of a theology giving intellectual form and justification to the better sentiment of the time is abundantly visible in our ministry. Among almost all our effective preachers the sympathies are modern, but in the greater number the theology is either ancient or non-existent. We are full of joy so long as we are permitted to feel with these brethren; but, the moment we hear them speak their philosophy, our bewilderment is like that of the patriarch of old. The hands are the hands of Esau: so far, so good. But the voice is the voice of Jacob: here comes in the endless confusion. How often does one see the old theology unconsciously dressing itself up in the garments of the new, with unreflecting simplicity covering the parts that would surely give it away, and advancing guilelessly in borrowed enthusiasms and simulated loves to obtain dominion over the blind! The success is but for the moment: the old supplanting character cannot long be concealed.

Now the chief theological necessity for to-day I take to be the rebuilding of the edifice of Christian belief. We need a temple for the intelligence. We need fundamental and ruling ideas set in the strength of their own natural orders. We need an intellectual basis for the new faith, passion, and enterprise of the Church of Christ in our time.

Calvinism is right in its claim that the being of God is the supreme interest both in theology and life. This is the note of greatness sounding clearer as the generations pass, in the thought of Augustine, Calvin, and Edwards. Jonathan Edwards, because of his devouring passion for God as the absolutely perfect, is bright with an everlasting light. The new movement in theology, conscious as it is of revolutionary intent, is here at one with all true theology. It aims to behold all things in God. Its hope is to begin, continue, and end in God. Its source in all its genuine representatives is the aboriginal necessity of the human soul. "My heart and my flesh cry out for the living God."

But Christian thinkers are learning that

there are two great abuses of this sublime passion. Willingness to be damned for the glory of God may be the sign of the humble spirit, but it is in reality the supreme insult to God. For it assumes that the glory of God and the weal of man are incompatible interests. To exalt God so high as to banish him from the world is a terrible error. To refuse to see God in the natural life of men is to take the first step toward atheism. For a God wholly above the world-process, wholly apart from the normal interests of men, wholly transcendent, is practically no God at all. In Carlyle's phrase, such a God "does nothing"; and for human beings he is nothing. This is the inevitable outcome of the belief that makes God too good to be in the world, that makes the world too wicked to have the presence of God in it. The other abuse is one peculiar to our century. It lies in identifying God with the development of human history, in refusing to see that God is at the same time in all and over all.

Against this twofold error of a God wholly above the world and a God completely one with its process the theology for to-day must do battle. God is in the organism of humanity from the first. It is he that sends the race into all its growths. It is he that gives man ideals, and that fills his heart with achieving power. It is he that brings men into families that grow sweeter with the centuries, that sets these families in nations that slowly ascend in character, that moves the nations into wider federations of trade and art and science, that lights up the future with the dream of universal brotherhood, that compels the race to leave more and more of its brutehood behind it, and that with a sublime insistence urges it on upon the full realization of its humanity. We have an indwelling God,—a God whose indwelling is the fountain of our whole character and hope. But we have a God above and beyond the process of human society,—a God whose character is an eternal excess upon human history, a God who can never live wholly in man because he is so infinitely great in wisdom and love for man. God lives eternally in his own plan, in his own ideal, in his own love.

I have said that Calvinism is profoundly right in concentrating human interest upon God. It is right in its fundamental contention concerning God. The final thing in the universe is the divine will. Calvinism is wrong, grievously wrong, in the character that it ascribes to that ultimate will. If that will be against the greater part of mankind, as Calvinism declares, nothing can long keep us from despair; but, if that will be for us, as a true theology must contend, who can be against us? The old theology had two superlative merits. It was honest, and it was courageous. It did not try to appear other than the terrible partialism that it was. It did not shrink from the avowal of its own logic.

That is the scheme which has fallen from the control of the Church, and to whose vacant throne no contracted conception of equal thoroughness and vigor has yet come. And it is precisely this ultimate origin of the new theology to which I would turn attention. The new scheme is not founded upon sentiment. It is not the product of benevolent dreamers. It is not held blindly in spite of human nature, the movement of history, the spirit of the New Testament, the order of the moral world, the heart of the universe. The old scheme was great in its confidence that the facts were on its side and against the nobler view. Nothing could be further from the truth. The older theology saw the sternness of life, but it did not understand Paul's exclamation, "Behold the goodness and the severity of God." Its hopeless outlook upon the world was due to limitation of vision. As Philip Brooks has taught us in one of his noblest sermons, it is easy to curse life if only a part is seen. The theology of to-day must found itself upon the will of God, and upon the will of God at its highest. When we look for God in the cosmic order, we can do little until we find man there. Man as the crown of the cosmic process shows that process at its best, shows what lies behind it all. When we look for God in man, we do little until we find Christ, the ideal man. Unless we look at Christ, the typal man, we can judge the Maker of our human world only by what we see. And only when God shall have made the pile complete can our judgment be final. Therefore, we build upon Christ as the sublime anticipation of perfected humanity, as the archetypal man, standing complete in the confusion of the

great historic construction, and giving us, through man at his best, God at his best. We must, therefore, revise all other revelations of God in nature, in the constitution of man, in human history, and in the Holy Scriptures themselves, by the light that falls from the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Nothing must be allowed to contradict the essential meaning of the Incarnation. It stands for the eternal goodness of God in the inexpressible sternness of the process of history. If the Incarnation is not to be lost from faith, if the mission of Christ is not to be reduced to a delusion, if Christianity is not to be contracted into the religion of a sect, the saving purpose of God in Christ must be made to cover the race.

It is true that this principle is revolutionary. The affirmation that God has a Christian purpose toward our entire humanity involves an extension of the field of redemption so enormous as to make obsolete, at a single stroke, the whole theological map of the traditional view. And what seems worse, while all clear-seeing men are aware that this does not necessarily imply universal salvation, it is true that it looks that way. If God shall succeed, universal salvation will be the final result. And this sounds too perilous to good morals, and seems to cut the nerve of all strenuous endeavor! O my brothers, when will Christian thinkers fear atheism more than Universalism, when will they see that the deepest immorality lies in distrust of the righteous will of God? when will they awake to the fact that only those who believe in a God for humanity and eternally for humanity can resist unto blood? When we assert, as we do so easily, the brotherhood of man, let us be sure that the universe, according to our view, is not against it. Let us be sure that there is in God a universal fatherhood upon which to found it. To this issue all that I have said tonight must come. Infinite Being must mean a righteous person, and to this goal of believing thought Christ must evermore remain the way. The path of eternal life is the path of anguish: tears are its meat day and night, while it hears the world-cry, "Where is thy God?" The stress of heart in the soul that is gaining new standing in the truth, winning new interests in the kingdom of God, and making new advances upon righteousness, cannot be put into words. There are none but heroic feet upon that stairway of fire. Idlers and pretenders, soft and luxurious lives, have no place in that awful but blessed process. Salvation for the moral shirk, while he remains a shirk, God in his mercy has made forever impossible.

But this is not the final word. To the question shot upward from the hearts of the brave in the strenuousness and seeming impossibility of the righteous life, "Is God for us or against us?" there must be but one answer. We must not make God responsible for the continuance of iniquity. We must define sin as resistance to the realization of the righteous purpose of God in the soul. God is against the race only when it is against itself, and in that case his wrath is his mercy. God is on the side of every man who sets his heart on righteousness. The deepest in human nature, in human society, in human history, in the course of the world, in the ongoing universe, makes for the seeker after righteousness. The stars in their courses fight for the man who contends for a pure heart; and to every soul face to face with the tremendousness of the moral process the sublime comfort comes, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

If there are perplexities before you, simply begin to do your duty, the little of it that is clear, and the perplexities will vanish. If the task set for you seems impossible, still begin the doing of it. It would not be a duty and be really impossible. In due time the mountain will yield to your faithful strokes. You will learn by doing. Life will brighten as you go on.—*J. R. Miller, D.D.*

The beauty of work depends upon the way we meet it,—whether we arm ourselves each morning to attack it as an enemy that must be vanquished before night comes or whether we open our eyes with the sunrise, to welcome it as an approaching friend who will keep us delightful company all day, and who will make us feel, at evening, that the day was well worth its fatigues.—*Lucy Larcom.*

BUSINESS METHODS IN RELIGIOUS WORK.*

By REV. C. D. REYNOLDS.

System the Method of Business.

Method in business means system, orderliness. To say that something is without order is to condemn it, at least in so far as it is disorderly. Just as the first law of the mind is Classification, so that of society is Co-operation. When people want to do business truly, they must come together and understand one another, they must agree upon and adopt some system and course by which all shall know what is intended to be done, and in what way each is expected to do his part. This is co-operation aided by organization; and anything less is not organization at all, but only random effort, waste, and confusion, each one working to suit his own sweet pleasure.

There can be, and indeed there is, a great deal of co-operation without organization; but, like random shots, it too often misses the prize, while its discharge is either dangerous or too much in the air. It is the *abuse* of organization as tending toward anarchy and mere mechanical discipline that has driven many minds among us to the opposite extreme of almost no common agreement, and therefore, also, no discipline, and very little feeling of responsibility at large.

We all know enough about the law of equilibrium to see that such a condition of things comes by reaction; and, knowing this, we ought not to succumb, to be the sport of a law which has inevitably held disastrous moral consequences.

System Outlined.

The starting-point in religious work is, of course, with the smallest, but most numerous units,—the single individuals of which a parish is composed. Then comes the largest single unit to be considered,—the minister; after that, the welfare of the local conferences; then the nation as a whole; finally, from that out, one step more, and we embrace the world into our plan.

This is the ideal system, perhaps, for which easy-going Congregationalism has little fondness. Yet, in reality, we have already the bare skeleton structure in visible outline, badly needing to be fed and clothed upon. There are needed yet many details to give that coherence and proportion throughout which by its very comprehensiveness lends dignity and power.

The Welfare of the Parish is Supreme.

Our interest here to-day should be mainly concerning the relation between the minister and his parish, and their relation to one another as constituting this conference. First, before everything else, the well-being of the parish is supreme. If that fails, everything fails; for without the parish there can be nothing at all. All else should be only to protect the parish, to increase its power and usefulness in serving the cause of God in the world.

The parish is not always composed of good, active business people; and, even if they are, ordinarily they would rather attend to business for themselves, and leave the church to postpone her affairs till the very last moment, and then do it in a loose way or seek to delegate their responsibility to others. Unless there are a few leaders in this direction, it is difficult to transact parish business in a businesslike way. But for safety's sake it must be done. The executive and parish meetings must be held; and here as elsewhere the minister must be at the helm, if the parish is not. And, if he is no systematic business man and fails to see the importance of business methods as applied to his parish, it will not be well for him.

And not here only, but everywhere, the minister should be practical,—have the faculty of seeing the business side of his relation to his community. Whether in sermon or in prayer his business is to accomplish something, build up. The ability to see white as white and black as black is essential to success. I might as well explain what I mean: I know of a minister so de-

* An address delivered before the New Hampshire Unitarian Association at Laconia, Oct. 21, 1897.

fective in this matter of business observation that he could not discern, apparently, the difference in practical effect between a large audience and a small one. His parish committee once desired him to deliver a series of evening lecture-sermons upon some subject of popular interest,—topics to be always chosen by him, and announced one week in advance. He chose for his theme the Early Church Fathers, and began with a filled house. But nothing succeeds but success, and that was the reason the matter became conspicuous. The audiences fell away rapidly to some fifteen or twenty of the faithful ones (those rare souls), and when the twelfth paper had been delivered, our hero sent word desiring to know how the lectures were taking, and whether he should continue them. A lady alive to the humor of the situation, advised that, since the Church Fathers were such amiable gentlemen, it was desirable now to hear something from the church mothers.

To those interested let me say that I believe this lecturer is not preaching now, but is very desirous to get a parish, and cannot see why he should not deserve one; for was not he faithful? I have been reminded that, ordinarily, one should call a case like this a lack of *common sense* rather than of *business sense*. If so, happily the title of this paper permits me to modify the severity of language. I still believe it to be only practical obtuseness,—a lack of trained instinct to observe incident and reality, and measure cause and effect; in short, inability to apply business methods in the conduct of church life.

Another incident, showing a similar lack of ability, is that of a minister unable to draw conclusions from the finances of his parish. I know a church where the first year the new minister came the outside Sunday plate collections amounted to some $80. The second year it fell to $50. The third year to $30. The fourth year,—well there was none,—there was no place any longer to drop to, at that rate. There was a congested condition all round accordingly.

In other words, the familiar parish crisis had come, and now had to be atoned for three years of gradual dissolution. The astronomers with compass and solar chart are able to calculate events years in advance of their actual occurrence. It is because nature is so consistent and inevitable; and what a blessing is this constancy! We are thereby enabled to guard ourselves against cold and heat, flood and fever, famine and pestilence. Any man with a small knowledge of figures, and still less knowledge of business methods, could, in cases like the above, by means of the weekly descending ratio of cash figures in the contributions, have told us at the end of the first ten months just when to look (in that parish) for the shadow of Venus across the earth. If we only had the telescope to look through, and the astronomers to compute the measurements and give official notice, how many foolish surprises and needless calamities might be averted! *I would have this conference turned more into such an instrument.* Life is give and take, benefit and be benefited. If you will promise to protect me when in danger so long as I live, I will give you any reasonable pledge you may ask in return. Life insurances are not all humbugs.

What Might Be Done.

I do not know that it falls within my subject to suggest methods; but I would begin by revising or amending the constitution, and give pledges to societies for their protection and assistance, and receive in return certain claims of a practical business character. This would put parishes and the conference upon business relations. There would then be open communications as a connection between the two, of such a nature as to put us in possession of the real facts concerning the condition, tendencies, and needs of parishes.

Vigilance committees and committees on church paternalism, gathering their reports from hearsay, and submitting them verbally and with no special authority from anywhere, is not businesslike in method, and cannot command respect as such. It may be argued for in the name of liberty; but there is, I have reason to suspect, a good deal of sham and error passed round in the name of liberty. I have in mind a case of this kind, where the minister (trained Calvinist) in becoming a Unitarian took a mighty dislike to many things Christian, and in the righteous resentment of his soul took special delight in maltreating other churches and evading especially the Bible. For sev-

eral long years he was scarcely known to read from that book in his pulpit. He read from Buddha and Zoroaster, and selections from nature studies wherein some pious agnostic loved to glorify the mud. I like to see mud glorified, but it would be too bad to glorify it in the face of such as may be in it. It could only be an invitation to remain there.

Now, if a man finds it profitable and likes to read from these sacred books, he should by all means be permitted to do so, in the name of liberty, and no one here, I believe, would willingly desire to stop him; but, when it comes to breaking into pieces an already weak society, that the servant's sense of the importance of his own personal liberty may be gratified, I beg to differ as to the nature of liberty. It is difficult to conceive how anything could be nearer to tyranny without becoming identical with it. Liberty that will kill in the name of liberty must be called by some other name. If, however, a minister can read from these foreign literatures and make them go, very good; but a man ought to know the business side of things well enough to see the difference between success and failure. A well-adjusted telescope would clear up many a church mystery, and avoid as many more weaknesses both on the part of ministers and societies. There ought to be some headquarters to which one might go for instruction or consolation, or have it brought, as the case might demand. We are all so constituted that at no time should we boast that we are free to do as we please, and can so care for ourselves that we need no assistance from any man.

The Character of our Freedom and Organization.

It is as selfish for a religious society as it is for a person to say that he will live apart and have nothing to do with others, because he does not need to ask anything from his fellows, and will die rather than become involved in business relations. To all such the burying time must surely come; and, then, who will carry their bier?

I often think there is some confusion as to wherein we are free and wherein we are not free. As I understand it, it is intellectually, theologically, so far as my thinking about religion is concerned, that I am free; but, practically, so far as business, the conditions and necessary affairs of life, are concerned, I am not free, never was, never will be, and should never desire to be. I must submit to the inevitable laws that govern success or failure. Our liberty is an intellectual freedom to think out our own theology, not a moral freedom to do as we please in practice.

Our knowledge of sociology, if not of business experience, ought to help us out here grandly.

Therefore, this conference ought to take direct control of all our churches and interests whatsoever within the State, not to conflict with the American Unitarian Association, but work under it or for it, and do the particular work of which it is the more general head; and there ought to be a well-understood agreement as to what that relation shall be. The demands upon our New England Association have so enlarged her sphere of work that her officers have repeatedly told us that with present means it is impossible to meet the details of the work as it ought to be met.

Last winter a man was sent to a church not many hundred miles from this place. It was upon the occasion of a parish crisis (periodic). It was his duty to stave off and decide again for a time longer between a case of life and death. The following were the facts he learned in regard to that parish: For thirty or more years it had drawn annually from $150 to $300 support from the American Unitarian Association. For a period of nearly ten years previous to this time there had not been an officer of this Association in the place to learn how things were going, what disposition was being made of the money, or how soon or by what measures they might be helped to self-support, although things had been going pretty badly for four or five years.

Is not this at least one incident as proof for the need of a local superintendence and centre of missionary activity, making itself responsible so far as possible? When a minister goes into a new territory, it is as natural as breathing for him to want to look up some headquarters, and learn his place and duties. Boston is not everywhere. He naturally wants to know about being installed or ordained, who will help and when, and how it should be done.

A Few More Thoughts.

The importance of business methods in religious work is so great that incidents like these which I have related ought not be considered beneath the dignity of a local assemblage of ministers and laymen like this. Life cannot be all optimism, nor will it be all pessimism when the details are known. We have our successes and our failures; and we should come together here to talk them over, and do what we can to help one another. I do not think that it can be the desire of many of us to come here to settle the abstract problems of the world, but rather to talk about our needs at home in our part of it. To this end, programmes, to be practical according to business standards, ought to be largely pastoral in character, and deal with transient problems, to make it clear to all how and what it means, and what it takes to build up a visible as well as invisible church.

There is nothing that helps to bring people together so much as to talk about the practical interests they hold and have to promote in common. Intellectually and theologically, we have such confidence, and understand one another so well, that we are no longer afraid of one another; and now it is a pity that so much should be wasted in jealously guarding a kind of freedom that helps so few to attain the kind of liberty the world needs. We must organize our forces before we can carry out any "plans." I, for one, would not object to getting up right here before you all, and report the condition and needs of my parish, or, still better, have it done for me. You would all go home feeling that you know more about —— than when you came, your interest would likely be larger, and next year you would come again to find out how matters stand now.

One way of getting rid of business among us I have observed is, when an important issue comes before the house, some strenuous opponent gets up, and appeals most pathetically to our sense of ignorance, and urges the duty of a conservative conscience as to what is intended by the agitators, and quickly moves that the motion be laid on the table. It is soon done, and the business disposed of. In the haze of things I myself only recently helped to do business by this method.

Notwithstanding the organizing age in which we have lived, there is to be observed in many of our churches a gradual decadence or disfavor with business methods of every kind in religious work. Call for the parish records and church registers, you will see what I mean. Sixty, fifty, thirty, even less years ago they were neatly and carefully kept, with neither blots nor breaks. The marriages, the funerals, the baptisms, the communions, are all to be found there. The financial condition and the business meetings recorded. But, as we come down, there are slips and breaks, lead-pencil reports, and erasures and interlinings, and the membership-roll neglected.

It may be claimed that these things amount to mere straws, but they indicate which way the wind is blowing; and then we want to keep it from changing into a gale that may, after a time, carry off all our heavy timber.

End attained by Works as well as Faith.

I like to see men trust Providence; but to assert one's confidence so implicitly as to believe that the cause intrusted to you will be realized by trust alone, and not by orderly effort, is the fallacy of salvation by faith only. To say that His cause needs no help from us is to deny that there is such a thing as responsibility. It is the kind of negation that makes all living and effort useless. To believe, on the other hand, that your trade or profession needs systematic management, but that the kingdom of God is so spontaneous in the souls of men that it needs no methodical attention from the outside, is to misconceive the nature and method of God's grace in the world. Progress of whatever sort is social; and those laymen and ministers who have discovered this fact, and like now and then to hear sermons on sociology, who laud the value of travel, of centennials, and World's Fair enterprises, of workingmen's clubs, and social gatherings and co-operations of all kinds as a substitute for war and a means to a nobler end, but stay away from local and national conferences, and refuse to join any movement toward united enterprise for effective work, are simply preaching what they do not practise. They depart from business methods in so far as their theory

outruns their practice. Great is the mystery of godliness that knowledge should not always produce character. If theory is the soul, practice is the body; and to divorce them is to separate what God has joined. At home we are so much at home that we love to let our thoughts and imaginings roam into other spheres and climes far removed in space and time; but the church of God would teach us to live in the present hour, businesslike, not to undertake more than we can do, nor be satisfied with anything less.

Effect of Organization upon Giving.

We sometimes hear complaints that our well-to-do Unitarians will give money for libraries and hospitals and charities, but that they will not give as they ought toward the spread of the faith which is their hope. Men of wealth, I observe, are usually businesslike in their giving as well as in their acquiring; and until their Church has sufficient organization, with business tact and method to prevent waste and make the cause permanently safe, there is little to inspire them with confidence to give.

Ministers and churches struggling along, clutching their principle of business freedom, as well as intellectual freedom, until it becomes a matter of life and death, and then go a-begging for some one to come and help, is not an inspiring sight. To be practical, we must adapt ourselves to present needs and conditions rather than some far-off ideal. Paul's text, though used in a different connection, ought to be none the less ours,—"None of us liveth to himself, and none dieth to himself"; and the sequel is the motto stamped upon every American silver dollar,—"In union there is strength."

And, if we are men of exalted faith, we should be able to talk over all these things without quarrelling and without any morbidness. The healthful heart and mind is anxious to know its imperfections and shortcomings, as well as have its strength acknowledged.

Forms and institutions rightly mediated correct evil tendencies, and give permanency to principle. You cannot keep your wine without wine-skins. Without institutions, civilization had never been, and could not continue for an hour.

The great principle of intellectual freedom in religion can be organized just as sure as our national freedom is organized. We need a Jefferson to write the Constitution, and patriots to adopt and support it. In conclusion, I hope you will not feel that I have exaggerated. I am as mindful of the real business for which we exist as any one.

These things of which I have spoken are but the necessary outer incidents,—the support and spur and safety of that which lies forever behind concealing veils, in the hearts and minds of all kinds and conditions of mankind, and is reflected back into the world as human character.

As a body of spiritual lovers, our work should be so arranged that each may feel the common pulse beating against his own. With no discrepancy between our convictions and our actions,—that practice is above theory, and character above form,—we are taught no longer to depend upon our theology for our converts. When we learn to put moral regeneration above the ethics of right belief, we shall be ready to enter the highways and byways in trained and orderly missionary bands, doing positive uplifting. Then will the poor and the maimed and the halt and the blind and the deaf cry as witnesses to the world that the gospel that saved them is the preaching and the church for them. No matter what theology it teaches, they will accept it gladly, because they carry within themselves the witness of its truth and power. That is the way to make converts for God, that is the real business; and we need men. The minister is not always the result of accident: he is born, but he must also be made. Nature is as full of possibilities as she is full of processes. Her rich mature fruit, as distinguished from her scrubby growth, is the result of long and gentle nursing.

As a body, we should pray often, and labor that fathers and mothers like that one of old may desire to bring at least one child to the altar as a loan to the Lord for the cause and the privileges with which he has blessed us; for those who would mediate the divine life must feel its consecrating power in their own.

I hope that your way of thinking may not be too unlike mine. Then you will do something by which our dispersed energies

shall be husbanded into the enthusiasm we need, and can only be kept up by a systematic, united effort, always remembering that we need look for no arcanum in a world of changing needs, that till the end of time the unsuccessful will plunder the works and baffle the skill of the successful. But what a pity it is to contemplate those whom failure has driven to the wall, yet who might be doing the best of work, had they received the discipline and the support which is the rightful and beneficent gift to give of every well-ordered society!

THE VITAVILLE CIRCUIT.

BY REV. MATTHEW LOCK.

"So ye think we're a live set up here? Ye think the men are up an' doin'? Ye do, aye?

"Now, to tell ye the truth, we men are jess figger-heads. It's the women folk is live in these 'ere churches.

"The men are on the committee, you say?

"Jess so, but they don't work. This 'ere church of ours was a-hangin' on, fur dear life, to the aprin-strings of the Unitarian Saciety in Boston.

"The American Unitarian Association, you say?

"Yes, guess that's the name on it. Waal, as I wus sayin,' we wor a-hangin' on with both hands; an' we would not le' go. We're sure we'd die if we did.

"Like infant industries, you think?

"Jess so, an' we haid made up our minds to stay infants. Fact is, the more that 'ere saciety in Boston gave us, the less we could do fur oursel's.

"Did we have a minister regularly, you ask?

"Pretty regular. Jess as it suited the committee, though.

"Did we close the church, you want to know?

"Sometimes we did, sometimes we didn't. Jess as we fel' like it. I say, ours wus a real go-ais-ye-please church. Good idee, aye? Freedom, aye? Liberty, great!

"You closed the church, you ask?

"Of course; but ye seem set back! Ye jess act like Mrs. Hart and Mrs. Sands. They wus drefully worked up every time the committee voted to close the church. And, final-ly, the two on 'em says that that 'ere way of runnin' the church haid to stop. They says the church hais been an infant long 'nough. It wus time it creeped a bit, if it couldn't walk an' run. Mrs. Hart wus so worked up she saad it wus a disgrace. No other church closed the way we did. She says right out it wus God's. No man haid a right to close its church, an' doors.

"Good, ye say?

"Waal, p'r'aps; but it didn't make us men feel any too comfortable. We men believe in business in church fust. But Mrs. Hart says, 'Religion fust.' None too comfortable for us.

"We ought not to feel comfortable, you remark?

"Jess now we'll not argie that pint. But ais I wus a-sayin', Mrs. Hart as't how it 'ud look to see the 'Piscopal church closed. She says that how the rectir, that's what they call 'im—

"Rector?

"Yes, I saad rectir, the 'Piscopal preacher. Waal, Mrs. Hart says he's jess come to town, an' ever sins he's been 'ere his church haas been going day an' night. Act'ly, he preaches an' prays every day. Think on it! Every day! Most the time thare ain't a soul in the church 'cept hisself. Jess ais true ais I tell ye; one day he seed some folks a-passin' the church. He thought they migh' be a-comin' in. So he ran to the bell, an' began a-ringin' it for all he was wuth. And once he forgot to open the church doors, an' wus a-prayin' all by hisself inside, when some folks came to the church an' tried to git in. He heered 'em knock, an' he wus stirred up. They kep' on a-knockin' till he went an' opened the door an' let em in. Law, wusn't he surprised to see three or four of his people who had come to help 'im out on his service. But, come or not, his church wus ready for folks to come. That kind of man is jess the kind we need, says Mrs. Hart.

"An' people and committees more like the Episcopalians about going to church, you say?

"P'r'aps. But jess ais I wus a-sayin', Mrs.

Hart says that we Unitarians have no more right to close our church than 'Piscopalians have theirs,—both are God's churches. Big way a-talkin', ain't it?

"Right way, you say?

"But ye mustn't be too hard on us men. We did our best. We look to the money end. We haad socials, an dancin', an' dramatics, and potato games, an' land knows what we didn't have so as to git money an' run the church. But it wouldn't run that way. It jess looked to me, at times, when I got discouraged, like a steamer stuck in the mud. We had the fires on, an' the steam a-goin', an' the bells a-ringin', and the whisel a-blowin'; but the steamer didn't move,—not a' inch. Jess looked like that.

"One thing you lacked, you say?

"Waal, now, that jess sounds like ais if Mrs. Hart hersel' was a-speakin'. She says how it is religion an' church loyalty we need.

"But what did these women do, you want to know?

"I'm jess a-gittin' thare. They went over to Springdale, an' talked with the women of the church thare. An' they went to Bloomfield, an' talked with the women thare. An' the upshot of the whole matter was that these women formed a 'Liance in each town.

"Branch Alliance, you say, is the name?

"Waal, yes: that 'pears to be it.

"That was a good idea, you say?

"Idee, thare now you're jess like Mrs. Hart agin. She's allus a-sayin' as how an idee is worth more'n money. An' she ha' an idee.

"What was it, you ask?

"Gimme time. I'm not ais young ais I once wus. I'm a-gettin' thare. Fust these women of these 'Liances writ to Boston to the head woman of the 'Liance thare. What they writ I don't know. But they kep' on a-writin' until Mrs. Hart told us men that Springdale, Bloomfield, an' our town had jined together to call a preacher. If us men wouldn't do anything, the women would, says she.

"Grand, you say?

"Waal, p'r'aps. But we men didn't think so. We ware astonished. Leastwise we made ais if we ware. We saad it can't be done. We saad leastwise they ought to have consulted us. Mrs. Hart, says she, We've consulted long 'nough, an' it didn't 'mount to anything.

"Grit, you say?

"Waal, grit or no grit, it raather touched us men, an' we determined to frown down on it as a woman's notion. That stirred up Mrs. Hart, an' she was more determined than ever to show us what a woman's notion 'mounted to. Good thing, says she, if the men haad a few live idees about the church.

"True enough, you remark?

"Don't know 'bout that. Leastwise it was hard on us men. An' jess to think on it! Mrs. Hart goes up to Boston an' sees the head woman of the 'Liance there, an' atween 'em they git up a plan an' sent a preacher down 'ere. He's a good 'un, I must say that. Mrs. Hart says he's been in some of the best churches, an' he's ais good ais they've got.

"What do we pay him, aye?

"Waal, we men of these three 'ere places got together, an' we saad we'd see if the women ware to beat us. Down into our pockets we went. We knew we'd find something thare; fur the real truth with us wus not that there wus nothin' in our pockets, so much as we didn't like to go down into 'em to find out.

"That's it. No more fandangoes for the Lord's work, you say?

"P'r'aps, but I'm not a-goin' to argie that pint now. But this much we men did say, —that, if that 'ere city preacher haad faith in us to come down 'ere an' go shoulder to shoulder with us, we'd make it so he'd not regret it. An' he don't 'pear to regret it yet.

"You want to know how many times he preaches on Sunday, aye?

"Jess now I can't go into the whole plan. But it is so fixed that in each church tha're three preaching services a month. An', when tha're five Sundays to the month, we all three churches jine an' have a union meetin' in one of the churches.

"Capital, aye?

"That's so. They're fine meetin's, those union 'uns.

"Good, you say. An' you'll tell every one of the plan?

"But wait a bit till I'm through. I'm not done. Besides preachin', our preacher has sacieties where he tells about the poits

an' historians an' philosophers. Our young people are a-writin' about them theirsel's. Then these women of the 'Liances, they're a-readin'; an', my! ye ought to hear 'em argie pints of doctrine. I didn't know we had so many pints to our doctrine till these 'Liance women got a-goin'. They say ais how we're a-goin' to know what we stan' for. They 'pear to know.

"Is that all, you ask? You want me to go on? Yes?

"Waal, there's one more pint I'd like to mention. It is this 'ere pint. The women an' the preacher think there's 'nough work, with Sunday-schools and sacieties, to keep two preachers a-goin'. They say they're a-goin' to git another preacher from Boston, who can't get a church all by hisself. They're a-goin' to have him come up 'ere, an' help in preachin' and Sunday-schools an' Bible classes. This way they say there'll be preachin' in every church every Sunday. You ought to hear 'em talk. Guess they've got religi'n, them 'ere women. Guess they've got hold of the true way. But I mus' say it's a-doin' a power of good. Our young people ain't a-talkin' so much about a-leavin' our homes an' a-goin' to Boston or the West. They say ais how there's life at home.

"I'm glad of it, you say?

"Waal, so be I. There's one thing. I wish Mrs. Hart wouldn't so often say to me, Deacon, it is women, an' idees, an' religi'n did it. But p'r'aps it's all true."

SOME NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN SUNSETS.

BY REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

I cannot but think that we make a serious mistake if we do not habitually and on principle give attention to the beauties of nature around us of every kind. I believe it is a distinct loss if we allow ourselves to be indifferent to any form of beauty or loveliness or grandeur. To be eager for the first blossoms of the woods and the fields in the spring-time, and to go enthusiastically in search of them, is not only one of the highest and purest forms of enjoyment, but it is an education of the finer sensibilities. In its measure it is a distinct religious culture. The same is true of the habit of observing and admiring flowers generally and all other objects of beauty in nature. We make a mistake if we allow ourselves to be indifferent even to the dandelions, those "patens of bright gold" with which nature illumines her green sods in May; or if we are careless of the songs of birds, or the breath of clover fields, or the grace and witchery of shadows, or the grandeur of storms, or the serenity of night skies. To be alive to all these things as one goes through the world is at once a joy, and an education of the higher, finer, more spiritual side of our nature.

Especially does this apply to sunsets; for these cultivate not only the sense of beauty in a high degree, but also feelings of sublimity, awe, and reverence, while at the same time they seem to have a power beyond almost anything else in nature to calm and quiet the mind, and give it peace.

We travel thousands of miles to see great pictures. Here are pictures from the greatest of all artists,—pictures fresh, never seen before, never to be seen again, finer than the brush of human artist ever painted. Can we afford to be indifferent to them? I think on principle we should always try to see fine sunsets whenever possible, and not simply to give them a hasty glance, but to watch them, study their changing beauties and splendors, drink in their spirit, and feel their serenity and their calm.

One of the fine sayings of Goethe was that we ought to make it an invariable rule every day at least to look at one beautiful picture, to read one fine poem, and to listen to one sweet song. Is it possible to estimate how much such a rule, faithfully carried out, would add to the sweetness, the joy, and the wealth of our lives?

I shall never forget a summer in my college years, which I have come to think of as "my sunset summer." A dear friend, one of the noblest fellows I ever knew, suggested, as we parted for the vacation, that each of us, wherever we were, should try to watch the sunset every night that summer, and remember that the other was doing the same. That was all, but it was an education. It formed almost a spiritual epoch in my life. From that time to this I have never willingly allowed a fine sunset to pass unobserved. And some of the most uplifting and holiest hours of my life have been sun-

set hours. Why should it not be so with us all?

Jesus said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." To this I want very reverently to add another beatitude. Blessed are they who love sunsets; for many a time, as they gaze in rapture and awe at the glory, shall their eyes be opened, and they shall see God.

I am glad for all persons whose houses have living rooms with windows looking out toward the west, and verandas from which western views are easily obtained. And especially am I glad for all whose houses are on hills and open spaces commanding a distant western horizon. To live with the western sky thus continually in sight should be a constant joy and inspiration. If it ever falls to the happy lot of any of you to select a site and build a home, I beg of you don't forget sky views, horizons, and especially sunsets. Plan to see all the shining battlements and golden gates of heaven that God will hang out for you in the west.

The charm and glory of the country lie largely in the fact that among the fields and the hills earth comes near to heaven.

To me mountain scenery has always been exhilarating or depressing, inspiring or gloomy, according to whether I have been down in the valleys, with the sky largely hidden from view, or high up among the summits, where I could see wide and distant horizons, especially toward the east, the south, and above all the west. If mountains shut out the heavens,—especially the sunrises and sunsets,—then they are bad. If they lift one sensibly up into the heavens, and make sunsets and sunrises and all the phenomena of the skies more real and more impressive, then mountains are glorious.

I have sometimes heard prairies spoken of as monotonous and wanting in fine scenery. They are certainly not wanting in *sky* scenery. Their broad expanses, distant horizons, and absence of objects to obstruct the view give extraordinary conspicuousness and impressiveness to all the phenomena of the sky. I have never seen a place where sunsets were more splendid than on the prairies. People who find the prairies tame should learn to *look up*,—a good rule in all life.

On the ocean, too, one gets the full effects of sunsets. I shall never forget some sunsets which it has been my fortune to see on the water. Particularly firm in memory is a whole series of five or six, following each other, as I crossed the broad Arabian Sea on my way to India. Each evening I took my place on deck at the stern of the steamer for more than an hour, and watched a pageant of changing color, infinitely delicate, yet inexpressively rich and wonderful. As I gazed, I realized, as I had seldom done before, the meaning of the poet's lines,—

> "When day, with farewell beams, delays,
> Among the clouds of even,
> And we can almost think we gaze
> Through golden vistas into heaven,
> Those hues that make the sun's decline
> So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine."

Sunsets, like everything else, are greatly increased in interest, when seen in connection with historic places.

I remember particularly one fine sunset in Italy. I had heard a great deal about Italian sunsets and Italian skies, but had taken it for granted that much of the praise was due to the enthusiasm of persons who always find peculiar beauty and excellence in the foreign and far away. So I was in a critical mood. But one evening, when journeying from Rome to Florence, I saw a sunset which seemed to me equal in splendor to any I had ever witnessed. I think I have seen as fine in America, but not finer. Its effect was much heightened by the fact that it was viewed across a long stretch of charming hills and valleys and picturesque towns, with an irregular line of blue mountains in the distance, sharply cutting the sky. I must confess, however, that the greatest charm of all lay in the consciousness that the beautiful vision, both of earth and sky, was in the classic Italy, the home of Virgil and Horace and Cicero, of Raphael and Angelo and Dante,—Italy, that

> "Land of departed fame, whose classic plains
> Have proudly echoed to immortal strains;
> Whose hallowed soil hath given the great and brave
> Day-stars of life a birthplace and a grave;
> Home of the Arts! where glory's faded smile
> Sheds lingering light o'er many a mouldering pile;

Proud wreck of vanished power, of splendor fled,
Majestic temple of the mighty dead;
Whose grandeur, yet contending with decay,
Gleams through the twilight of a glorious day."

Another striking sunset I remember, amid the Greek Islands of the Ægean Sea, a little way from Crete. The memory of it now has a pathethic interest, as I think of what has happened in the year since. The sun sank a ball of fire, and finally a disk of blood, into the blue waters. I little dreamed that so soon brave little Crete, and not less brave little Greece, would be called upon to pass through an ordeal of fire and blood, deserted and betrayed by those who ought to have been their friends.

I remember several sunsets in Egypt that were very impressive. The one most beautiful was on the Nile. We were on the Nile two weeks. Every evening and every morning, every night and every day, was idyllic, as we sailed placidly along the majestic river, through the richest of valleys, and amid scenes as historic as any in the world. But one Sunday evening the sun sank to rest amid special splendor. The sky was deep blue, but everywhere spotted with patches of white clouds, except in the west. There the clouds were heavier; but the fast-sinking sun was lighting them up in splendid fashion,—now shining through rifts full upon us, and now hiding behind cloud-banks, which it painted in richest colors. The waters around us were a mirror, reflecting the beauty of the earth and the brilliancy of the skies. Beyond the waters, on our left, rose the sloping river-bank, bright with growing crops down to the water's edge. Beyond the broad strip of green bordering the river, the sand of the desert stretched away, and rose into picturesque hills, which in the sunset robed themselves in the most delicate colors,—grays, browns, pinks, and purples of every shade. On the right, five points of land—the farthest some miles ahead — thrust themselves from the bank out far into the broad stream, one beyond another,—all the points green with fields of growing grain and grass, and crowned with groves of noble palms, which, outlined against the bright sky, were inexpressibly striking and beautiful. Directly in front of us stretched the vast river, sweeping round headlands, clasping great green islands in its embrace, and pushing on and on, away and away, into infinity, until the great luminous sky seemed to open its arms to receive its mighty waters into heaven. Above and beyond all, the glorious sun, flooding sky and earth and waters with light and color, dropped slowly down, until his last level beams, as he sunk beneath the horizon, were shot like volleys of golden arrows through a grove of lofty palms, and fell in splendor at our feet.

Such was our sunset on the Nile. Think of it! Think of a sunset like that anywhere, but especially think of it amid such surroundings,—in old historic Egypt, and on the bosom of the most ancient, mysterious, and venerable of all the rivers of the earth. What thoughts and emotions are stirred by such a scene! To this spot the civilization of the world goes back to find its cradle. Here flourished great empires two thousand years before Abraham migrated from the land of the Chaldees. And yet what a *parvenu* is a man, even here! What is the six thousand or ten thousand or twenty thousand years that man may have lived in this valley, compared with the age of the majestic river that has rescued the valley from the desert,—and especially compared with the age of the great sun which was rising and setting in splendor before even the river was born?

Another notable sunset that I saw in Egypt was at the Pyramids, where those mysterious and mighty monuments of the dead, the solemn Sphinx hard by, the gray desert stretching in sea-like waves to the horizon, and, beyond all, the lurid sky, united to create a scene of solemnity, desolation, and grandeur which burned itself into the memory, never to be erased. Still more impressive, if possible, was a sunset at Karnak, witnessed from the top of the great west pylon of the temple of Ammon Ra, in the midst of the most stupendous and imposing ruins on the face of the earth. But neither of these does time permit me to describe.

I hasten to Palestine, to speak of a never-to-be-forgotten sunset there. It was a sunset over Jerusalem, as seen from the Mount of Olives. We had spent nearly the whole of the day upon the mountain, amid the flowers and songs of birds, and the sweet serenity of the warm, bright spring. In

imagination we had reproduced and lingered over the events that had transpired on that historic eminence, especially those connected with the life of Jesus. We had read the story of the triumphal entry into Jerusalem, in sight of the very path by which, if we may trust tradition, the cavalcade proceeded down the mountain. We had read the tragic story of Gethsemane, with the garden, in which the touching tragedy is supposed to have occurred, in plain view before us. We had walked over the mountain to little Bethany nestling beneath the hills a mile beyond, going and returning probably by the very foot-path trodden by Jesus in the old days when he went to visit his dear friends, Mary and Martha and Lazarus.

An hour before sunset we started down the mountain to return to our hotel. When we had made half the descent, at a prominence just opposite the sight of the old temple, we lingered to watch the going down of the sun. At our feet was the valley of the Kedron, beyond which the whole city lay spread as a map before our eyes. We stood on or near the very spot where it is believed Jesus stood when he wept over Jerusalem, saying: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate!"

As we recalled these words, and so much else connected with the place and the scene, the sun poured his last golden rays upon the white domes and spires and minarets, for a little while lifting them into shining clearness, then sank out of sight, leaving all the city in shadow, with light only on the surrounding mountain tops.

I turned away, saying, Oh, what sunsets hast thou seen, Jerusalem! sunsets of splendor, sunsets of gloom, sunsets of hope and prophecy, sunsets of tears and agony!

But that one vision of Jerusalem in the golden light of the setting sun I shall cherish forever. That gave to me once and for all the Jerusalem of poetry and song, the Jerusalem toward which devout Hebrews, the world over, turn their faces with infinite longing,—the Jerusalem which is the symbol of the city of light on high.

But I am wandering quite too far from home in my study of sunsets. These sunsets witnessed in foreign lands, in connection with notable scenery or in historic places, have been mentioned simply because interest is added to everything in life by interesting associations. You prize the ivy in your garden not so much for what it is as because it came from the home of your childhood. A book is dear to you because it is the gift of a dear friend. When you went to Switzerland, you brought home a souvenir. The money it cost represents only the smaller part of its value to you. The larger part is represented in your mind by its association with Switzerland.

So, in my talks about sunsets, I have told you of some which to me will always have a peculiar interest, almost sacredness, because of their association with places and events that are great and sacred. But let us not make the mistake of thinking that for things to be beautiful and worthy of attention they must be far away. God has not made the world on any such plan as that. Instead, most of the things in life that are of greatest value are nearest at hand. Half the secret of life lies in having learned this fact.

Flowers, trees, birds, rainbows, waters, the night stars, the changing seasons, mornings and evenings, children's happy faces, the voices of those we love,—these keep us constant companionship all the way through life. Happy are we if we understand what well-springs of joy and life they are, and so keep our souls open to their influence.

Did you hear the song-sparrow that was singing in your garden this morning? It was there. What a pity if you did not get the joy of its music! Did you see the sunset last night that brightened the whole world with its smile? What a loss you suffered if you did not receive its brightness into your soul!

I like to think of a fine sunset as God's smile. I like to think of the peace of the evening hour as his benediction. What a blessed ending to the day is a calm sunset hour! What a preparation for the companionship of the stars! What a preparation for sleep. How natural a time is it for worship! I mean that deep worship of the spirit, that needs not words, but consists in the going out of the soul in longing and sympathy toward all that is beautiful and good and true in earth and heaven.

I am not a sun-worshipper, but I have often thought I should want to be if I were not a Christian. For what other object in nature is so glorious as the sun, or so fitting a symbol of God? I do not wonder that the Hebrew Psalmist speaks of God as a "sun and shield."

In all my journeyings through the Eastern world last year, I saw no sight that impressed me more than the gathering of the Parsees of Bombay on the shore of the sea for their silent sunset worship. If you are a visitor in Bombay, and want to see something you will never forget, go out an hour before evening to the ocean, where the beach swings like a bent bow between Colaba and Malabar points, and there take your stand. The sun is slowly sinking toward his plunge into the western waters. The waves are rolling gently in, and breaking in white foam at your feet. What are these quiet figures, many of them dressed in white, that are coming silently from the city, and taking their places on the white sand, one here, one there, one yonder, until all the shore for a mile is sentinelled, as it were, with these solitary men? We call them sun-worshippers. Yet many of them are among the most intelligent men of the city. Watch them. First, they bathe their foreheads. Then, standing in an attitude of devotion, and gazing intently at the setting sun, they chant in low and reverent tones their evening prayer, until the sun goes down. Then, in the gathering shadows, they turn away, and go back to their homes. What a spectacle of worship is that! In the worship of the world is there anything more beautiful?

You have all felt the impressiveness of Millet's wonderful picture of "The Angelus," in which two French peasants, toiling in the field, are seen, as the sun sets and the bell rings for evening prayer, bowing their heads in reverent devotion. Here in this picture of the Parsees gathered by the shore of the far-off Indian Sea, offering up their silent prayer as the sun sinks into the western waves, we have the Angelus of the Orient.

Ask these Parsee men if they worship the sun as God. Some of the more ignorant ones will tell you yes. The more intelligent will tell you, We worship that Eternal Spirit whose most glorious manifestation and most fitting symbol is the sun.

Let us all learn from the Parsees what a fitting time for reverence, for thoughtfulness, for prayer, is the sunset hour. Yes, and let us learn, also, what a fitting time is this quiet hour for a retrospect of the day, to see wherein we have lived it well, and wherein ill,—wherein we have made it a note in the great harmony of God's world, and wherein a discord; wherein by love and helpfulness we have brightened the road of any who have walked by our sides, or wherein by selfish unkindness we have darkened any path.

God help us so to live that no sunset which Heaven shall ever send us may be marred with recollections of a day ill spent!

A single thought more. So far, I have spoken only of *literal* sunsets. I must not close without reminding you that there are other sunsets besides those which we see in the western sky. Sunsets are symbols.

Each *year* has its sunset, as well as each day. Autumns are the years' sunsets. The crimson and gold of the October foliage is the splendor with which the year paints its west, as its sun sinks toward its setting. How rich is our earthly heritage in that the years thus robe themselves in beauty ere they bid us farewell! But there is another and more important sunset still. It is the sunset of *human life*. The name we call it by is Old Age. Toward that sunset we are all hastening. What shall we find when we reach it? A dull sky? dark and threatening clouds? no light? Alas! such is too often human experience. But it need not be so. The sunsets of the day and of the year we cannot change. These God paints for us as seems to him good. And it is for us to meet them without murmuring if they are dull or dark, with appreciation and joy if they are bright. But old age is largely what we make it for ourselves. The brush that is to paint the colors of that sunset for you and for me is already in our hands.

Oh, the beautiful sunset that old age may be to all of us if the years that lead to it are filled with wisdom and love! God help us so to live that, when our life's sun shall go down, there may be the radiance of immortal hope in our sky, and the peace of God which passeth understanding in our hearts!

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

[The following address was delivered by Dr. Charles R. Weld on the 17th of November at the unveiling in the Unitarian church, Baltimore, of a beautiful mosaic representation of the Lord's Supper.]

It is the greatest ordinance of any religion. No single act of Christ's life so adequately represents him to all minds and lands and generations as this rite, which has survived the wreck of churches and denominations. It is a link between Judaism and Christianity, the key to poetry, ecclesiastical architecture, and music, and for this monotheistic church representing the faith begun with Abraham. No event in Christ's life is so appropriate theologically as the one represented in this mosaic. Here is the Lord and Master of men, where God intended him to be, among men; and, philosophically, the cup and the platter are the keys to the kingdom of heaven,—the finest, largest, and clearest symbols of the essential elements of Christianity; *i.e.*, obedience and self-sacrifice.

There are five accounts of the Lord's Supper. The Synoptics describe the event, the Fourth Gospel records the conversation. There is nothing startling, incomprehensible, or miraculous about it. On that Thursday night, when the Paschal feast was over, Jesus selects two things from the table,—bread and wine,—and institutes a new bond, a new rite, the beginning of a new era.

It should never be called the Last Supper. It is in the profoundest sense the first of an unbroken line of new suppers. He indicates at the same time how religion in its highest sense arises from and is part of the common life. He selects the two profoundest cravings, thirst and hunger, as symbols of the larger gospel he was inaugurating. The Hebrew cultus culminated in two principles,—obedience and self-sacrifice. They are the basilar principles of the Christian era, the foundation stones, the working elements of the glad tidings. We have a summation of the same in the two great commandments, but words are dead in comparison with symbols. Symbols speak the plainest language to the greatest numbers. They appeal to moods and temperaments, classes and conditions, as nothing else. The flag is the symbol of the republic. In a flash you read its history in its stars and stripes. So the cup and platter are symbols of Christ and Christianity and Christian life. It is vitally important to have symbols unutterably clear; and they are found in those two words,—obedience and self-sacrifice.

As Christianity went out into the world, the significance of the Lord's Supper was affected by superstition, fanaticism, and ignorance. It was separated from the common repasts. It was changed from Thursday to Sunday. The table which was in the centre of the church was placed at the end, then against the wall, becoming an altar. There are five stages in its evolution. First, it signified a bond of union; second, a sacrament; third, a mystery; fourth, a sacrifice; fifth, a condition of salvation.

As it became the centre of ceremonial religion, so it became the battlefield of religious teachers and theologians. The memory of these controversies is retained in the words "transubstantiation," "consubstantiation," and "real presence."

Still, the rite survives with wonderful vitality. It can mean for us to-day what it meant for the disciples of the first century. We gain, instead of losing, by restoring these symbols to their proper place. To worship God is better than to adore the elements. Things should be supplanted by principles. Over the symbols should hang, like a cloud over the ancient temple, that which they signify. The cup is the pledge of loyalty, of faithfulness, of love, of obedience, the symbol of that essential democracy, that genuine social characteristic of true Christianity. All lips touch this cup. We are all members of this great solidarity. We owe obedience, above all, to the one God. This broken bread symbolizes the necessary self-conquest, the nourishment of higher hopes; in a word, self-sacrifice.

That sentence, "in remembrance of me," can have two constructions. It may be retrospective, or looking back, a cloud of sadness, a selfish craving for recollections. Again, remembrance may be a rallying cry, an invitation, an upward look. A martyr, dying for the cause he believes will triumph, says, "Remember me." The head of a triumphant host, falling on the field of battle, says, "Remember me." So Christ went on

saying as he passed, "Remember me"; that is, "Follow me."

So he presides to-day at this table; and those apostles represent men like ourselves, with doubt and courage and hope and remorse. In the midst sits the Master, with serene face uplifted, looking into the future, and calling upon us to break bread with him, and to drink of his cup, and to go on into peace and power and manhood and womanhood. Obedience and self-sacrifice are the basilar principles of the kingdom of God.

THINGS AND MEANINGS.

SAVING OF SPEECH.—The late Prof. Jowett, during his connection with Balliol College, had occasion to visit some of the farms belonging to the college near the Scottish borders. One of the leading tenants, a sturdy borderer of the Dandie Dinmont order, was deputed to take the professor round. And a long tramp they had together over the hills, in the course of which Jowett uttered not a word, while the farmer was too much stricken with awe to venture a remark. But, when the walk was almost done, the professor was roused to speech. Looking over a stone wall, over a goodly field of vivid green, he abruptly said: "Fine potatoes." Quoth the farmer, "Yon's turmets." Not a word more was spoken between them.

PLAGIARISM.—Tennyson's opinion as expressed in a letter is as follows:

"There is, I fear, more or less, a prosaic set growing up among us,—editors of booklets, bookworms, index-hunters, or men of great memories and no imagination, who *impute themselves* to the poet, and so believe that *he*, too, has no imagination, but is forever poking his nose between the pages of some old volume, in order to see what he can appropriate. They will not allow one to say, 'Ring the bell,' without finding that we have taken it from Sir P. Sidney, or even to use such a simple expression as 'the ocean roars,' without finding out the precise verse in Homer or Horace from which we have plagiarized it (fact!).

"I have known an old fish-wife, who had lost two sons at sea, clench her fist at the advancing tide on a stormy day, and cry out, 'Ay! roar, do! how I hates to see thee show thy white teeth!' Now if I had adopted her exclamation, and put it into the mouth of some old woman in one of my poems, I dare say the critics would have thought it original enough, but would most likely have advised me to go to nature for my old woman, and not to my own imagination; and, indeed, it is a strong figure.

"Here is another anecdote about suggestion. When I was about twenty or twenty-one, I went on a tour to the Pyrenees. Lying among these mountains before a waterfall that comes down one thousand or twelve hundred feet, I sketched it (according to my custom then) in these words:—

'Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn.'

When I printed this, a critic informed me that 'lawn' was the material used in theatres to imitate a waterfall, and graciously added, 'Mr. T. should not go to the boards of a theatre, but to nature herself.'

"I think it is a moot point whether, if I had known how that effect was produced on the stage, I should have ventured to publish the line."

THE death of R. H. Hutton, the editor of the London *Spectator*, has called forth tributes to his memory in many journals on both sides of the sea. Here is the sole editorial notice appearing in the *Spectator* itself:—

"Our readers will be grieved to hear of the death of Mr. R. H. Hutton, so long one of the editors of this journal. After an illness of many months, marked by severe though intermittent sufferings, he passed away quietly in sleep during the afternoon of Thursday, the 9th inst. His colleagues are forbidden by pledges, which they cannot break, either to write a memoir of him or, within the range of their influence, to permit any one else to do so. They can therefore only record their grief at an event which, in the case of the writer of these lines, terminates an unbroken friendship of thirty-six years, and a literary alliance which, at once in its duration and completeness, is probably without a precedent."

THE VALLEY OF CHILDHOOD.

BY MRS. JESSIE WHITSITT.

"Is it warm in that fair valley,
Vale of childhood, where you dwell?
Is it calm in that green valley
'Round whose bourne great hills swell?
Are there giants in the valley,
Giants leaving footprints yet?
Are there angels in the valley?
Tell me,—I forget."

Too many of us forget what the valley of childhood was like. We forget the giants and the black goblins that were there. Indeed, most people leave their childhood days so far behind them that they have forgotten that angel visits were so few and far between.

The valley of childhood is certainly not all green pastures and still waters. It has its gloomy, dark side. We often say to the children, "You have played all day without a care: you ought to be happy."

We forget how many times during the day we called them to run errands, to mind the baby, and the hundred other little things that only a child can do. We do not take into consideration that the play was spoiled by a disagreeable playmate, or by an accident to the clothes, by a fall, a broken doll or a lost ball. All these things are real trouble to the little ones, who yet have not learned the wise philosophy that for every wound there is a balm.

Has it been so very long ago that we have forgotten the lonesome, rainy days when we could not leave the house, and nothing was provided inside for our amusement? Have we forgotten how our childish hearts swelled with indignation when we were accused or punished unjustly, and we dared not resent the injustice? Have we forgotten the nights we lay awake with the memory of all the terrible stories we heard about Indians, ghosts, bears, snakes, and the men that killed people, and then, when the wind would shriek through the trees or rattle the window-pane, how our head would go down under the cover and how our heart would go pit-pat? All this we suffered and in silence, for the grown-up ones would only laugh or scold. Each one of us, if we would, could recall some of those wretched nights that should tend to make us more patient with our children.

While we teach our children to be brave, cultivate the best we can, strength of nerves and of mind, what is to be gained by having them needlessly suffer from being in the dark or from fear of any kind, when we can remove this by gaining their confidence and giving them sympathy by gentle words and kindness? Just as necessary to feed and clothe our children is it to give them sympathy. Don't forget this when the doll is broken or the kitten hurt. Everything is swallowed up in their grief at the time, and they are heart-broken. Look back and sum up your fears, the hurts, the teasings, the pettings, and the scoldings that came as others willed, and tell us would you again like to live in the Valley of Childhood, and do you not feel like doing something to make the valley better and brighter?

EDITORIAL.

Strengthening our Leadership.

For months an important post, in some respects the most important, in our denominational leadership has remained vacant. We refer to the editorship of our only representative weekly journal, the *Christian Register*. During these months willing heads and hands have stood faithfully by the paper in the endeavor to keep up its established reputation; but with changes imminent, though not defined, and with no single guiding mind and will, the most satisfactory results could not be expected. The force, dash, aliveness, essential to popular journalism, were not possible. It is therefore with the greatest possible sense of satisfaction that we now receive the announcement of the appointment of the new editor.

Especially are we led to rejoice when it is known that the man chosen for this exceedingly difficult position is the man now holding helm at the headquarters of our denomination, the present secretary of the American Unitarian Association. To be able to secure for the editorship of the *Register* the present successful manager of the affairs of the American Unitarian Association is certainly a matter for congratulation to all interested in the reorganization of our denominational weekly. Mr. Batchelor's

eminent qualifications are altogether beyond question. He will bring into the editorial chair a grasp of denominational affairs, a wide experience, and an intimate knowledge of men invaluable to his new position; while the literary qualities, and broad scholarship for which Mr. Batchelor has always been noted will now be brought into the most important service the denominational field affords. Mr. Batchelor has filled with credit and honor almost every responsible office of leadership in the denominational gift; but we venture to predict that the most gratifying, the most important, and the most enduring success of his life is to be the enlarging and ennobling influence his acceptance of the editorial chair will surely bring to the *Christian Register*.

The Secretaryship.

THE directors of the American Unitarian Association, in being suddenly called upon to fill the chief executive office in our denominational organization, had a difficult task. That they have made a most admirable selection is at once apparent, when it is announced that Rev. S. A. Eliot of Brooklyn has been asked to accept the position. Mr. Eliot has, in his capacity as a director, already shown something of the clear views, definite policy, and energy of action which will mark with distinction his new career. He combines in a remarkable degree the highest ideal with sound business sagacity, the highest academic culture with the most democratic vigor, the personal charm and dignity which win allegiance, with the originality and energy which insure progress. There never was a better time than the present to stir up the latent activities of our somewhat lethargic body, never a more glorious opportunity for a man of purpose and courage; and, if Mr. Eliot accepts, we believe our churches will respond to his demands for new work and greater activity, in a way that will make our Unitarian gospel heard from coast to coast.

Theology is Dead. Long live Theology!

"CALVINISM is forever gone!" both as an adequate interpretation of the ways of God to man and as a working philosophy of life."

So declares the head and front of the old orthodox Congregational Church, in the person of Dr. Gordon, in an address delivered at the Beecher anniversary held in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N.Y.

This address is so exceedingly interesting to all Unitarians that we print in another place a very full abstract, under the heading, "Calvinism No More." Dr. Gordon declares, "Willingness to be damned for the glory of God may be the sign of the humble spirit, but it is in reality the supreme *insult* to God."

This is a pretty state of things for a trusted leader to announce. It is the declaration that for three centuries or thereabouts orthodox Protestantism has been unconsciously,—let us say,—yet none the less really guilty of the unpardonable sin,—the sin against the Holy Ghost!

Well may the daily press have been startled by this utterance. The whole theological map, the trusted charts, the detailed road plans,—all are rendered obsolete at a stroke. It is a very upsetting situation.

We feel ourselves, however, able to extend some consolation; and very much we rejoice to do it,—both to Dr. Gordon, who cries aloud for a new faith to replace the old, and to those hearers and readers who, shaken in their creed, yet fear to let it go, because knowing not on what to lean, if that is lost. Dr. Gordon cries, "Theology is dead"; but we cry, "Long live theology!" for the true king is already seated in the throne the followers of the usurper have imagined to be occupied by their false prophet.

Is it not passing strange that we, so long considered heretics, should be at last the humble means of calling back to faith the very children of the household of faith? Yet so it is. This cry coming now from the heart of Orthodoxy, which, as Dr. Gordon expresses it, demands the "rebuilding of Christian belief," declaring the very material of faith "a confused miscellaneous collection," the "old order gone," and "nothing new having arrived to take its place,"—this cry belongs to the days of our grandfathers, before Freeman revised the King's Chapel liturgy, before Emerson cleft the rock of rigid creed that the pure fountain of the spirit's inner life might freely flow, before Channing rehabilitated humanity with the purple robes of its divine inheri-

tance, before Martineau, clasping the hand of sober reason, led us all onward and inward to that still sacred shrine, where, to the disciples' quickened sight, the untransfigured Christ, reappearing as the Saviour of the world, reveals the Father's face.

This old cry of lost faith,—because, forsooth, Calvinism is driven from the field by the inpouring light, and the good God can no longer be conceived as estranged from his own,—this belongs in history with the fear of Columbus's seamen that they might sail on and on in an endless sea, never reaching any shore. Our Unitarian fathers crossed the ocean of free religious thought, and took possession of the promised land of reasonable and satisfying faith.

Joyously, then, we call back to our distressed brethren loosing from their old moorings: "Strike off your creeds! Let the rattling chains go by the board! All is won, not lost! Your Pilot is at the helm still. Hitherto you have not allowed him to direct your course. He came to show the Father's face, and not to patch the Infinite plan; he came to reveal eternal love, and not to assuage imagined wrath; he came to declare how reasonable and sweet are all the ways of God to man, and not to weld a broken compact or recover partial justice; he came to give his life, that we, in his, might find our own!

Light from the Darkness. WHAT are the principal tenets of the old creed which, according to Dr. Gordon, has received its death-blow?

The idea of an angry God, the idea of a God of vengeance, the idea of a God so far exalted above the world of our daily lives that he could only be approached by the elect, the idea of a cursed and fallen human race, the idea of a scheme of miracles, superhuman, irrational, yet by which alone a remnant, and only a remnant, of the millions of God's children could be saved,—these are the essence of the faith that Dr. Gordon declares is dead!

Who can mourn? The loss of all this does not touch a single thread in the divine life, does not shake one reason for faith, hope, service, or love. Nay! see what the removal of such beliefs restores to us.

A God who is a father, whose indwelling spirit is the fountain of all life, who creates and loves the natural world of humanity just as it is, into whose spirit Jesus so closely drew that he became the perfect son, and set the everlasting way by which we all may slowly shed the image of the earth, and put on the image of the heavenly. A world of divine progress, where even sorrow and sighing help in the evolution of the good, where sin is the pitiable resistance of the divine law, the denial of the divine love, by erring sons for whom the patient Father will still stretch forth loving arms, until the agony of inevitable remorse shall bring them to themselves again. We have worship and prayer, the guidance of Scripture, and the holiness of the life of Jesus Christ brought home to us as realities more certain and vital than ever before. We have the philosophy of reality, the field of experience, and the faith of love. The sky is clear of clouds, our hearts are free from fear. Thanksgiving and praise be to the Eternal God, who thus tears away the veil of our old delusions, however dear to us, that we may enter into the happier realms of purer faith!

Calvinism dead! Then rejoice, ye sons of God! Now must Love begin to work in the world her divine way. No angry God, then no angry men. No divine wrath, then no human cruelty. No vengeance from on high, then no despair below. Helpfulness and tenderness and carefulness from the great Father of us all, then helpfulness and tenderness and carefulness from man to man. Nothing but boundless love from out the heart of God, then nothing less than boundless answering love from out the grateful, glowing, yielding heart of man.

Oh, how the air is cleared! How sweet seems the new day! The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light. The curse passes; and we come through gloom to light, through light to love.

Another Good Creed, and Something Better! FOR twenty years the Universalists have had periodic wrestlings with their creed. At the last General Convention held in Chicago a splendid spirit of harmony prevailed, and a new profession of faith was accepted, to be ratified at the next General Convention in 1899. This new statement, known now as the Chicago Declaration, sub-

stitutes for the old Winchester Profession of faith the following principles:—

> "The universal Fatherhood of God. The spiritual authority and leadership of his Son, Jesus Christ. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God. The certainty of retribution for sins. The final harmony of all souls with God."

This adds another good creed to these that have recently been promulgated from various sources, but the Universalists did better than this. They said, We think we have here a good working statement of our faith, but we desire something better than even a good working statement; and, therefore, we add:—

> "Neither this nor *any other precise form of words* is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the principles be professed."

This seems to us the true attitude for the Christian Church. We know what we believe, we have a common purpose and a common faith; but the tenets of that faith may be so variously held no form of words shall bar the way to the fellowship of spirit which is above all creed.

Faith in Doughnuts. THE doughnut ought not to be a tough subject, yet Charles Dudley Warner in *Harper's* "Editor's Study" finds within this crisp and innocent emblem of New England housewifery all the perplexities of a desperate theological discussion. He declares he has been travelling a good deal through the New England States, and that, like religious belief, the doughnut is no longer what it once was. The old faith which went into our grandmothers' doughnuts has weakened, and without it the crispness disappears:—

> "If theological discussion were permitted here, it might be argued that Unitarianism could never have originated the doughnut.
>
> "You must believe in the doughnut before you can make it. You must believe in the doughnut before you can eat it. And, after that, you must believe in a power higher than yourself that works in you for righteousness.
>
> "Spiritism, theosophy, mind-reading, mind-cure, Christian science, thought-transfer, telepathy, astrology, all the whims of a stimulated body and an unanchored mind, flourish in the very centre where the Puritan fried his meat and his doughnuts, and believed in God. The pursuit of happiness, formulated by Rousseau and enunciated in our Declaration, has become the object of life. Not duty, but amusement, is the end and endeavor. Socialism and a modified paternalism insensibly shape even legislation, and replace the old and stern Puritan individualism. We are going along, whither no one knows exactly, but going by trolley, by bicycle, on excursions, in pursuit of entertainment and enjoyment, every day more and more enlightened, more and more scientific, more and more superstitious; every day new wants, new means of satisfying them, new comforts, wider experiences; women acting like men, and some men acting like women in the discovery of new nerves that are sources of torture; all society in a whirl, in a sort of expectancy, and going along no doubt into a glorious future. It is a most interesting and exhilarating spectacle! And yet the antiquated observer wonders whether the glorious future will be any better for the individual soul than the old order that was anchored on the doughnut. Agamemnon was a brave man, and Penelope was a charming woman."

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

Sunday.

Bells across the Snow.

O Christmas! merry Christmas!
  Is it really come again,
With its memories and greetings,
  With its joy and with its pain?
There's a minor in the carol,
  And a shadow in the light,
And a spray of cypress twining
  With the holy wreath to-night;
And the hush is never broken
  By laughter light and low,
As we listen in the starlight
  To the "bells across the snow."

O Christmas! merry Christmas!
'Tis not so very long
Since other voices blended
With the carol and the song!
If we could but hear them singing
As they are singing now,
If we could but see the radiance
Of the crown upon each brow,
There would be no sigh to smother,
No hidden tear to flow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

O Christmas! merry Christmas
This never more can be:
We cannot bring again the days
Of our unshadowed glee.
But Christmas, happy Christmas,
Sweet herald of good will,
With holy songs of glory,
Brings holy gladness still;
For peace and hope may brighten,
And patient love may glow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

Monday.

Growth.

We may not think that all of good
Lies plain to our dim sight;
For the horizon parts her veil,
And glows with golden light,

And, on the wings of liberty
Soaring, we may behold
Where, far away, pale mountains lift
Their summits fold on fold.

—*E. B. Harrison.*

Tuesday.

Each in his Place.

The souls that would really be richer in duty in some new position are precisely those who borrow no excuses from the old one, who even esteem it full of privileges plenteous in occasions of good, frequent in divine appeals which they chide their graceless and unloving temper for not heeding more.

Wretched and barren is the discontent that quarrels with its tools instead of with its skill.—*James Martineau.*

Wednesday.

Work.

All around us, fair with flowers,
Fields of duty sleeping lie.
All around us clarion voices
Call to duty stern and high.

Following every voice of mercy
With a trusting, loving heart,
Let us in life's earnest labor
Still be sure to do our part.

Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Let us work with all our might,
Lest the wretched faint and perish
In the coming stormy night.

Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Lest, before to-morrow's sun,
We, too, mournfully departing,
Shall have left our work undone.

Thursday.

God's Shining.

As the light perpetually presses upon all objects and seeks entrance everywhere, and will come in at whatever window is open,—nay, if but a cranny or pinhole be there, will come in as much as it will suffer,—so God's beauty, truth, right, power, are continually pressing for entrance into all souls in the universe, and as much enters each as it will allow. But, as the light that enters is affected by the quality of the window it passes through, so it is with the light of God shining into human souls.—*Samuel Longfellow.*

Friday.

Christmas Eve.

The thickly woven boughs they wreath
Through every hallowed fane
A soft, reviving odor breathe
Of summer's gentle reign;
And rich the ray of mild green light
Which, like an emerald's glow,
Comes struggling through the latticed height
Upon the crowds below.

Oh, let the streams of solemn thought
Which in those temples rise,
From deeper sources spring than aught
Dependent on the skies:
Then, though the summer's pride departs,
And winter's withering chill
Rest on the cheerless woods, our hearts
Shall be unchanging still.

Saturday.

Sleep.

O sleep divine, surcease of pain,
The truce of God with care and strife,
Thy sweet forgetting who can gain
Has plucked the very flower of life.

We float to thee on drowsy wings,
When all the day's hard tasks are o'er;
And, when for us thy wide door swings,
Our pain, our dread, they are no more.

Safe in thy wide enfolding arms,
We dream perchance that we are blest,
Or haply drink th' enthralling balms
That lead to deep unconscious rest.

Long, long as lasts the tender spell,
So long is sorrow put to rout:
All we forebode, desire, as well,
In perfect peace is blotted out.

But that first moment, when we don
Again our conscious life, begins
To pour our writhing hearts upon
Our fears, our follies, and our sins.

Hardly our eyes have caught the light
Before that Shape that left us last,
When sleep came, stands upon our right,
And flings upon us all our past.

But sleep divine, surcease of pain,
One day there cometh, when no more
We wake to all the strain and stress
And tumult of this mortal shore.

Embraced by thee, all undismayed,
We find, at last, how sweet, serene,
Their rest who, all life's acts outplayed,
Wait at God's hand the next new scene.
—*Hattie Tyng Griswold.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

A new tract, No. 7, has been added to the series for free distribution, published by the Unitarian Sunday School Society. It is entitled "How to make the Sunday-school Attractive," by Rev. John W. Day of Hingham, Mass. This was originally an address given at the annual meeting of the Sunday School Society, and was listened to with deep approval. It will now serve a still wider purpose. Copies furnished without cost on application in person or by mail.

When the entire numbers of *Every Other Sunday* for a whole year are massed together, they represent a large resource of stories, poems, articles, and illustrations. Nothing better could be furnished for home reading; and the volume now bound contains the issues of 1896–'97, forming Volume XII. of this interesting little paper. It is handsomely bound in cloth. Price, 75 cents a copy.

A new edition of Mrs. Wilson's "An Illustrated Sunday School Primer" (12th edition) is now out. Price 15 cents a copy; $1.50 per dozen.

The demand for the "New Song and Service Book" has been so great this autumn that still a new edition of 1,000 copies is in the press and orders are waiting to be filled. Price 40 cents a copy, or $4.00 a dozen.

The annual appeal has been sent out from the Unitarian Sunday School Society for contributions. There has been a hearty response throughout the denomination to the statements of previous years of what is wanted to carry on the work of this society. But I should like to present two points for the consideration of those interested in the spread of our faith and the strengthening of our churches through the young people. First, there are still many Sunday-schools and churches not regularly contributing; and I appeal to them for fresh attention to the reasons why the Unitarian Sunday School Society should be strongly supported. Second, I would ask those Sunday-schools and churches accustomed to give that they would plan, if possible, to send in their donations before summer. Such promptness will facilitate the work of our organization very much. Besides, it would seem to be a much better method for the schools in question, since the contribution is then out of the way, and the field left clear for other things.

The current leaflet lessons on "Beacon Lights of Christian History" are having still greater popularity than when I mentioned them in the last number of the *Unitarian*. The dramatic and biographical elements in these lessons, and the simple way in which the events are told, combine to make them easy for the teacher and interesting to the pupil. The enlarged amount of matter also gives the teachers a better preparation for the class work. The lessons for December are now ready. The lesson that would fall on December 26 is omitted, as most of the Sunday-schools are absorbed in Christmas exercises. There are, therefore, only three lessons published for the month of December. The subjects are as follows: Primary: "Being Sorry," "A Brave Preacher," and "Jesus Preaching." Intermediate: "Spirit of Repentance," "Preachers," and "The Preacher's Spirit." Advanced: "Spirit of Repentance," "Chrysostom," and "The Preacher's Spirit." The Primary and Intermediate grades are prepared by Rev. Edward A. Horton; the Advanced, by Rev. Albert Walkley. The Primary and Intermediate grades are illustrated in every lesson. Each leaflet consists of four pages. Price for each grade 75 cents per hundred leaflets.

I receive evidence from various sources that the Sunday-school work in our denomination is going forward with more energy, and is conducted with more intelligence than at any time before. That happy tone, which is essential to the successful performance of duties in any direction, seems to be entering more and more into our Sunday-schools. It is the tone of a real pleasure in the work and a bright anticipation of good results. Of course

there are many Sunday-schools that are laboring under severe circumstances. It is not easy to find the sunshine of good cheer in such conditions. But the valor and constancy demanded in such cases, when manifested, are great tokens of credit to those who keep up the battle. There is often an unexpected turn by which the depressed situation is set free, and then those who have stood by loyally are doubly rewarded. But, speaking of the Sunday-school field as a whole, in the Unitarian denomination it is gathering itself together with more determination and with a firmer sense of victory. EDWARD A. HORTON.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.

[Headquarters, Room 11, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., Emma R. Ross, secretary.]

Apropos to the Union topics for 1898, now in the hands of the printer and soon to be sent out, we are glad to print this extract from *Onward*, the organ of the Universalist Y. P. C. U., who are to use the same subjects. Change C. U. to R. U., and these words will apply to us.

THE Y. P. C. U. TOPICS.

We fear that some of our unions do not understand the value of the topics as selected by the National Y. P. C. U. for use in the devotional meetings. A number of the unions are using topics of their own selection, and some make up a list of themes derived from miscellaneous sources. The topics thus selected may be excellent, yet consider: We are not simply young people; we are not simply Christian young people: we are an *organization*,—the Young People's Christian Union. What does that signify? It means that we are banded together with a common purpose, aim, and method. It means that as an army we shall march together, keep step, and be a unit as related to the plan of battle or the stratagem of the campaign. It means that we shall not be a scattered multitude,—we were that before there was a Y. P. C. U. It means rather that we should constitute a body so compact and unified that at any given time its whole mighty force can be hurled against a given obstacle, and that its combined influence may be exerted unitedly in a given direction. We need to act together, but we need also to think and pray together; and the knowledge that each week, and at each devotional meeting, all of our members are thinking, speaking, and praying about the same things, makes us feel stronger and gives us courage and makes our bond of union seem more real to us.

But there is another consideration which, perhaps, should carry even greater weight, though it is related to what has just been said. The national topics are not a miscellaneous jumble of themes thrown together helter-skelter. Neither are they simply a selection from a large variety of subjects furnished. They are this, but vastly more. The topics for two years have been furnished by some of the best known and most experienced and able of the workers in the Universalist and Unitarian churches. From these topics the required number have been selected and arranged, this arrangement being made with reference to personal human need, the needs of society and different departments of our work and the several church and national festivals. No less than fourteen special days are provided for in the topics for the coming year.

The national topics, therefore, present the following important features: (1) They are the work of experts. (2) They are selected and arranged with reference to personal, social, and church interests. (3) Their universal adoption will strengthen the bond of sympathy between the unions, and will contribute to an even and symmetrical development of thought, interest, and purpose throughout our body. We hope all of our unions will use the national topics the coming year.

NATIONAL ALLIANCE OF UNITARIAN WOMEN.

THE NEW YORK LEAGUE.—A regular meeting was held Friday, November 5, at the Church of the Messiah, New York, Miss Emma C. Low presiding. After the reports of the secretary and treasurer had been read and approved, Mrs. Morehouse, chairman of the Religious News Committee, presented the items of denominational interest from this section of the country. Mrs. Gustav L. Becker in behalf of the Philanthropic News Committee told about the opening of the Mills House in this city, and also of the proposed plan of two young women architects to build model tenements.

The president then introduced Mrs. Emily Fifield of Boston, who took up the subject for the day, "The Alliance as a Missionary Force," and spoke from the fulness of her heart. She felt that every Alliance should begin by doing home work, and thus prepare the way for outside work. First strengthen our own convictions, then spread our gospel.

She believed in an active church, meeting the needs of the day, open every day, and

from which can emanate something great and good for the community.

Alliance Branches are being formed all over the country, in out-of-the-way districts, They have Unitarian literature sent to them, they are familiar with the best thought of the day; but they lack fellowship. Hence she urged our members, our secretaries, to write to these isolated Branches, to welcome them, and make them feel their bond of fellowship. Mrs. Fifield then spoke of the opportunities the Post-office Mission gave to the Alliance for most efficient misssionary work, and gave for the encouragement of workers a number of interesting instances of good done through this avenue.

Rev. Florence Buck of Cleveland was then presented. She said: I am to speak of that which must animate us if we would be a great missionary force. The great religions of the world are sometimes classified, among other ways, as missionary and non-missionary. How is the Alliance to be placed? Mahomet pushed his faith at the point of the sword, and in other religions many have chosen baptism rather than death. That has all passed away; but was there not, after all, something good in that old spirit which wanted the whole world to believe as they did?

How shall we cultivate this missionary spirit? First, we must have faith in the gospel we have to give. Although tolerant toward other faiths, we must still believe ours to be the best and truest.

Then, again, we must have faith in the people to whom we give our gospel. Every man is a child of God. We have heard it so often we cease to appreciate it. This must be a conviction of the heart. She admitted that some of the basal principles of our faith were not easy for the masses to comprehend; but must the people understand all the deep questions before they accept the principles? Must we never quench our thirst until the chemical composition of the water is comprehended?

Again, we must cultivate the spirit of self-sacrifice. It has not been for nothing that Jesus said, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." After telling the beautiful legend of the Ganges, how it came to earth from above, and found its present channel by following the footsteps of their holy man, she added, There is a stream of pure and undefiled religion, that will follow the footsteps of every child of God who bears the message to the thirsty multitude.

Rev. Minot J. Savage, at whose church the meeting was held, was asked to close the meeting with a few words.

He spoke most encouragingly of the opportunities of the Alliance, it being a national association, thoroughly American, and unhampered. It is perfectly free to do a work as open as the continent.

In regard to the question whether our gospel is fitted for the masses, he thought it could not appeal in the same degree as the old forms. We have to prepare the way. We must teach a new theory of God, of the universe, of the Bible, and of man. Our religion, you say, is simple. Simplicity in art, dress, literature, in everything, is the last and highest product of civilization. The untrained are appealed to by something sensuous. Right here comes in the grand opportunity of the Alliance, to train, to educate. A church needs to have its roots deep down. Paul started churches all over the Roman Empire. It is neither the meeting-house nor the ordained minister that makes a church.

The Alliance can do this work begun by Paul, this work of organizing churches, better than any other organization can do it. There is no use sending out a minister where he cannot be supported or where there is not any real church. These little circles which meet together every Sunday and read sermons are churches, and I believe they should be so recognized on our Year Book. In this way the Alliance can make more churches in the next ten years than the American Unitarian Association has ever created.

The doxology and a benediction brought the exercises to a close, and a social hour was spent at luncheon.

ALICE P. JACKSON, *Rec. Sec'y.*

BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

An Artist's Letters from Japan. By John La Farge. Century Company.—Among gift books for the holiday season this handsome volume is likely to be very popular. The unfailing charm of the subject, which has already supplied so many delightful books, is here doubly enforced, both by the rare excellence of the artist's own illustrations and the winning grace of his literary style. Of the latter the genuineness and frank simplicity win the reader's interest at once, the little touches of description that light up almost every page are so characteristic and quaint, the scenes steal into consciousness as though beheld with the eyes. "The priests came down from the temple, looking like great butterflies in green and yellow, capped with their shining black hats." "The temple attendants brushed with brooms the mosses of the pavement, and the gates were closed. I listened to the fluting of the priests in the sanctuary on the hill until the blaze of the sun passed under the green film of the trees.

It was like a hymn to nature. The noise of the locusts had stopped, and this floating wail, rising and falling in unknown and incomprehensible modulations, seemed to belong to the forest as completely as their cry. The last beams of the sunset made emerald jewels of the needles in the twigs above me, made red velvet of the powdery bark when the distant flutes ceased." The descriptions of temples are elaborate and full of vivid detail. "The bronze roofs were black, and the green copper glistened like malachite on the edges of the vermilion rails, . . . the wet mosses glowed like fairy flame on the red lacquer, the great wall was blotched with purple lichen, and the columns were white at the bottom."

The Coming People. By Charles F. Dole. T. Y. Crowell & Co.—This brave little book has the sound of Mr. Dole's voice in it. All his earnest conviction, his direct, unpretentious method of expression, his clear, pure faith in the essential goodness of mankind, vibrate through paragraph and chapter with winning power. In a very convincing preface Mr. Dole shows that his point of view, though unwaveringly optimistic, is the growth of years of thought and experience, the outcome of the questioning spirit, and not mere youthful ardor. And no one can read the book itself without feeling on every page the forcefulness of careful reasoning, even if in some instances there are other lines of argument not touched upon, and which seem to make possible other conclusions. The plan of the book might be summed up as an attempt to outline that ethical plane of civilization in which each human being would desire, and therefore largely succeed in living, the life of a son of God. Selfishness is the chief obstacle to the attainment of this end; and so, very shrewdly, we are reminded that "what is not good for the hive cannot be good for the bee," and that the motto of the coming people must be: "Show us what is good for mankind, and we will try to bring it about. . . . We are here at every step of our way to do good." The interesting applications which Mr. Dole elaborates, and the beautiful visions he depicts, we must leave to those who are going to read the book for themselves; and we hope they will be many.

The Christ of Yesterday, To-day, and Forever. By Ezra Hoyt Byington. Roberts Brothers.—The success of Dr. Byington's recent history of the Puritan in England and New England has doubtless created a demand for something more from his pen; but we fear his readers will be disappointed in the present volume, not exactly because of any demerit in the literary work it offers, but because from the very striking title one is naturally led to expect a treatment of a tremendous theme in a thorough and scholarly manner, like the method employed with such admirable taste in the Puritan history. Unfortunately, however, this volume turns out not to be an historical inquiry into the place of Christ or his work. The title of the book is simply the text of the first chapter, and the book itself is a volume of sermons. These sermons are strong, and worthy of a wide circulation; and Dr. Byington's many friends will be glad to have this fine collection from his best pulpit work; but the expectation of an exposition of the great work of the Master is not realized.

The Quest of Happiness. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton.—Roberts Brothers. There is a lot of good sound common sense in this, the last and unfinished work of the author of "Human Intercourse." There is also—which almost goes without saying—a great deal of fascinating literary beauty. There is the charm of light and delicate fancy, of the deftness of the practised writer, of variety, of human incident and anecdote. Yet the whole impression is rather that of the dabbler than of the philosopher. Perhaps a little harmless dabbling is refreshing and restful; and, certainly, Hamerton knows how to entertain us, but there seems to be some danger that in so serious a matter as the quest of happiness a superficial inquiry may lead us into the entanglement of byways to such an extent that we lose the main road altogether. This Hamerton seems to have effectually done for himself. He advocates a pleasant making the best of things, at the sacrifice of all the divinely impossible and gloriously heroic inspirations of the ever-striving, ever-hoping, ever-aspiring ideal. His philosophy would sap the vital streams of all that is splendid and unselfish in our youth. It lacks the one thing needful,—a vigorous faith.

American Ideals. By Theodore Roosevelt. G. P. Putnam's Sons.—A volume of essays from the author of "The Winning of the West" will command a host of readers, and the contents of the present book furnish ample reward to all who join in the venture. The essays deal with many phases of national life. It is hardly necessary to say how vigorous is the treatment, how decisive the opinions expressed, or how perfectly clear the point of view maintained. There is wide difference of opinion as to the methods of reform indorsed by Mr. Roosevelt, but there can only be one feeling in regard to the manliness and sincerity of the presentation.

As Mr. Roosevelt says, "It is not hard to devise admirable plans for the betterment of politics and of social conditions; but in practice it too often proves very hard to make any such plans work, no matter how imperfectly." These essays will help all earnest thinkers for their country's weal how better to apply theory in practice.

Joan of Arc. By M. Boutet de Monvel. The thrilling and pathetic story of the French peasant girl who, moved by the distress of her country, took up the sword and saved the honor of her native land, dying at last among the horrors of torture, abandoned by the king and by the people she had saved, will always have a hold on the hearts and affections of the good and true of every race and every age. It is a noble story, and has long deserved what is now for the first time done for it. For this quarto issued by the Century Company is a wonderful reproduction of the powerful drawings of M. de Monvel, which, even without the aid of the admirably condensed accompanying text, give a very complete view of Joan's career. The finish in coloring and delicacy of these drawings is a revelation in modern printing. Nothing better has yet been seen in this country.

Astoria. By Washington Irving. G. P. Putnam's Sons.—For a sumptuous piece of book work this "Tacoma" edition of Washington Irving will be highly prized by all book lovers. The magnificent reproductions from drawings made for this edition by Zogbaum and others are in themselves an extremely valuable addition to the interest of the work; while the perfect workmanship throughout, the tinted marginal designs, the finish and harmony of the whole, and the rich and original cover, make an unrivalled literary palace, which, it is needless to add, proves itself well inhabited by the classical descriptions of the founding of John Jacob Astor's fur-trading station on the then remote Columbia River.

London as seen by Charles Dana Gibson. Scribner's.—This splendidly executed work is a marvel of lifelike illustrations from familiar scenes taken by Gibson all about the great world capital. Groups of figures in the parks, at the play, or attending some social function, faces of celebrities, incidents on the streets, all pass before the eye in panoramic display. No better idea of the appearance of people in the great city of London could possibly be given within the covers of a single book. The excellent workmanship and design of the volume make it especially attractive as a gift book.

The Water of the Wondrous Isles. By William Morris. Longmans, Green & Co.—To all lovers of the pure romantic fancy of William Morris this posthumous work will come as an unexpected joy. It is as rich in weird and poetic situation as the very best of his previous tales; and the creation of his heroine Birdalone will, we fancy, remain as distinctly the most fascinating and charming thing he has contributed to literature. The sedate and somewhat Biblical manner of language used fits perfectly the matter with which the author here deals, and lends a certain classical flavor to the book. The odd manner of setting forth the chapter headings, and the altogether admirable type work, are additional gratifications.

Andronike. By Stephanos Theodorus Xenos. Roberts Brothers.—Prof. Edwin A. Grosvenor, whose splendid work on Constantinople did more than any other book to make known the inner life of the Turk, has now turned his attention to the unfortunate Greek. The present volume is a translation by Prof. Grosvenor of a remarkable modern Greek novel, one which describes in a thrilling story of love and adventure, and especially the latter, the birth of modern Greece. The extraordinary mingling of noble and ignoble qualities in the Greek character and the political and social chaos of the country are displayed in vivid scenes, historic truth is interwoven with the romance, and the whole story, like the times and incidents it portrays, rings with the cries of battle, the roar of shot and shell, and the prayers of the hopeless and fugitive.

What we really trust, in any friend, in any public or private man,—what we really trust in Jesus or in his God and ours,—is the quality of purity or righteousness,—a kind of wise goodness, which unites light with love. Wherever we see and feel this quality, we believe in it, we rest in it. And, if we yield to its influence and become like it, we are uplifted, purified, and saved; for we, too, become wise and good. For "contact with a great soul is a sacrament."—*Charles G. Ames.*

In life are two currents flowing in opposite directions,—the cold and the warm. Which way is your life carrying you? Are you carrying in your mind and heart the arctic or the tropic zone,—flowing with the love of God in your soul, to bless whatever life you touch, or flowing with the cold, cold current of selfishness, never to bless, unless the warm light that comes from the sun above transforms and renews your spirit?—*Lyman Abbott, D.D.*

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, and little Bob White
Had determined to stay awake all the long night.
One big empty stocking he'd hung very low,
Hoping Santa would fill it from top to the toe.

But old Mr. Sandman was hobbling around,
To see that the children were sleeping quite sound.
He noiselessly crept to the bed of Bob White.
One bagful of sand, and the boy's eyes shut tight.

The star torches paled, and the moon sailed away,
When out in the east rose the glad Christmas Day.
Then Bobby awoke, in greatest surprise;
For there was the sun staring right in his eyes.

And a stocking so full it fairly ran o'er,
For part of its contents were piled on the floor,
But where was old Santa? A note said, "My dear,
If you want to see *me*, you must wait till next year."

—*Sunbeams, New York.*

VON SEYFFERT'S CRANE.

In the *Cornhill Magazine* for July, Mr. Cornish revives the memory of Von Seyffert's tame crane, the bird which, nearer than any other feathered biped, seems to have approached the intelligence of mankind. Von Seyffert lived in a German agricultural village. He had two cranes which he had tamed.

When the female died, the survivor at once took as a new friend a bull. He would stand by the bull in the stall, and keep the flies off him, scream when he roared, dance before him, and follow him out with the herd. In this association the crane saw and remarked the duties of the cowherd; and one evening he brought home the whole of the village herd of heifers unaided, and drove them into the stable. From that time the crane undertook so many duties that it was busy from dawn till night. He acted as policeman among the poultry, stopping all fights and disorder. He would stand by a horse when left in a cart, and prevent it from moving by pecking its nose and screaming. A turkey and a game-cock were found fighting, whereon the crane first fought the turkey, and then sought out and thrashed the cock. Meantime it always "herded" the cattle, not always with complete success. These were collected in the morning by the sound of a horn, and some would lag behind. On one occasion the crane went back, drove up some lagging heifers through the street, and then frightened them so much that they broke away and ran two miles in the wrong direction. The bird could not bring them back, but drove them into a field, where it guarded them till they were fetched. It would drive out trespassing cattle as courageously as a dog, and, unlike most busybodies, was a universal favorite, and the pride of the village.

PRETENCE.

"Let's pretend" we're children
Just so high;
Let's forget we quarrelled.
Put it by
For a while, and just to-day
Take each other's hands and play,
You and I.

"Let's play" we've made up
Again, and get
Memory's playthings all
In order set;
Let's see if the broken years
Can't be mended with our tears
Even yet.

Let's tell fairy stories
"True as true."
You're the "princess fair," with
Eyes so blue!
I'm the prince, and I'll pretend
All was happy in the end.
Will you, too?

—*M. Muller.*

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

It will be seen by reference to the cover that we are keeping an *index* to every item of news from our churches. At the end of each year that index is given to every subscriber, so that references to what has taken place in any society can easily be made.

Has your church an item of news in this number of the *Unitarian?* We should be glad to have you represented, and will gladly publish every month any announcements, notices, or news which you will send us. The *Unitarian* is a parish paper, and its interest is in every parish.

Buffalo, N.Y.— The Church of Our Father feels sorely the loss of its minister, Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, who has left them to accept the call from All Souls' Church, New York City. Yet, with courage strong and hope unabated, they look forward to the future, in the mean time keeping wonderfully active all the church activities,— the Sunday-school, the guild, and the various social, charitable, and literary organizations of the church.

Rev. George Herbert Hosmer, the son of Dr. Hosmer, the former pastor of this church for thirty years, has been supplying the pulpit for the month of November.

The Parkside Church, under the ministry of Rev. Mr. Applebee, is a very active society, a worthy scion of the parent church. The young minister and his wife are very popular, not only with their own flock, but in the Church of Our Father as well. The future of the new church is very bright. According to previous custom there was a union service on Thanksgiving Day of the two Unitarian churches and the Universalist churches and the Hebrew temple, with appropriate recognition of the old-time festival at the temple on Delaware Avenue.

Mr. Slicer's influence both in his parish and outside, in all which concerns the well-being of the growing city, will remain to strengthen future growth.

Burlington, Vt.—After the vacation in the summer, from which we returned with renewed vigor, we have taken up the winter's work; and, as a good start is a great help, the young People's Religious Union gave a chicken-pie supper, which netted a good sum for the treasury, besides giving us an opportunity to greet new-comers. The regular Monday evening meetings are well attended, and the interest is increasing.

Our literary branch, Unity, has taken for its work this season the study of the lives and works of some of the great masters, giving examples of their work with a stereopticon. Alternating with these evenings with American authors have been arranged. So our programme is as follows: Titian, Irving, Raphael, Hawthorne, Del Sarto, Poe, Murillo, Lowell, Hoffman, and American humorists.

The Wadsworth Club, our branch for service, is sewing for needy families, and is enabled to do much good in this way. For our Thanksgiving offering we shall send, as has been our custom for years, a large number of baskets freighted with Thanksgiving cheer to needy poor families. Our Sunday-school is growing in numbers; but we are, like many others, always short of teachers, and we are hoping that from their interest in the religious meetings we may be able to add some new workers to the list. The Ladies' Society has held its first sociable, which was largely attended in spite of a very stormy night. Our evening church services are largely attended by young people, who are thus unconsciously imbibing good Unitarian principles, which will be sure to spring up in the future, like the good seed in the parable of the sower.

Chicago, Ill.—*Unity Church:* Rev. J. S. Thomson, formerly of Los Angeles, who is to preach in Unity Church five Sundays, began his services November 14, the subject of his sermon being "Borrowed Power." November 21 he delivered a very suggestive and helpful sermon on the subject of "Heart Hunger." The Women's Alliance, assisted by the Ladies' Aid Society and the "Saturdays," will give a fair and supper in the church parlors on Friday evening, December 3. The Young People's Club, organized last spring, holds monthly meetings, which have been well attended. It is the aim of this organization to do the thing that lies nearest in the work of the church, and, as Mr. Gannett would say, to "fill in the chinks."

Third Church: The society of the Third Church has extended a call to Rev. F. C. Southworth to become its minister, and he has accepted. A lot has been purchased on Monroe Street, some two miles west of the former site; and much interest is being manifested in the new church building, the plans for which were accepted more than a month ago. On Thursday, November 18, the corner-stone of the new building was

laid with appropriate exercises. The ceremony of the laying of the stone was performed by J. M. Wanzer, president of the board of trustees. Owing to the rigorous weather, the further services were held in the Warren Avenue Congregational Church, and consisted of addresses by Senator William E. Mason, Dr. H. W. Thomas of the People's Church, Dr. Joseph Stolz of Isaiah Temple, Rev. T. E. Gregory of the Church of the Redeemer, Rev. W. W. Fenn of the First Unitarian Church, Rev. A. W. Gould, secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference, Rev. R. F. Johonnot of Unity Church, Oak Park, and Rev. C. F. Elliott of Hinsdale. Ex-Mayor John A. Roche also spoke, and a letter of greeting was read from Mr. Southworth. The Branch Alliance has resumed its semi-monthly meetings with increased interest, and the Aid Society is busily engaged in work for the visiting nurses. The Lend a Hand Club, assisted by the Aid Society and the Sunday-school, will hold a sale of useful and fancy articles, also canned fruits, jellies, and genuine English plum puddings, etc., at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gale on the afternoon and evening of December 3, to raise money toward the furnishing of the new church. It is hoped and expected that the ground floor of the new home will be ready for occupancy early in the new year, soon after the coming of Mr. Southworth.

The second meeting this fall of the Chicago Union of Liberal Sunday-schools was held Tuesday evening, November 9, at the Church of Our Father, Universalist. The general topic for the evening was "Christmas in the Sunday-school," which was treated under the heads "Sunday Services," "Entertainments," and "Presents." The Independent Liberal Church acted as the hosts at this meeting, which was as interesting and helpful as the previous ones have been.

First Church: Sermon topics during the past month have been "What Jesus thought about the Bible," "What Jesus thought about Himself," "Tennyson's 'Life and Letters,'" "The Power of the Holy Spirit."

Services at the Church of the Messiah are held as usual at 11 A.M., with the Sunday-school immediately following. At the Memorial Chapel, services are at 4 and at 8 P.M., with Sunday-school at 11 A.M. So far Mr. Fenn has made a practice of preaching the same sermon in the morning at the Church of the Messiah and in the evening at the Memorial Chapel. The Sunday-school at the Chapel has begun work in a fairly encouraging manner. The enrolment shows a total of thirty-four scholars and five teachers, and more names are being slowly added. The lesson system is the same in principle as the "Picture and Poem" system employed last year. This year, however, the selections to be memorized are mostly from the New Testament; and it has been found necessary for various reasons to abandon the pictures. The work is confined to a study of the life of Jesus.

On Friday, November 19, the ladies of the Chapel gave their first church supper, for which extensive preparations were made.

At the beginning of each month there is printed a "calendar," containing general church notices, sermon topics for the month, and one of Mr. Fenn's sermons printed in full. The October calendar contains the sermon "Sixty-one Years of Church Life," being an historical sketch of the First Unitarian Society of Chicago. The November calendar contains the sermon "The Eternal Years." Copies may be obtained upon application.

Cincinnati, Ohio.—A union service of the two principal Jewish congregations of Cincinnati and the two Unitarian churches was held on Thanksgiving Day, November 25, in the Mound Street Jewish Temple, by invitation of its minister, Rev. David Philipson. The sermon was preached by Rev. George A. Thayer of the First Congregational Church; and the other participants were Rev. George R. Gebauer, Rabbi Charles Levi, and Dr. Philipson.

Concord, N.H.—On Sunday, November 14, the fifth anniversary of Rev. Frank Lowe Phalen's settlement as minister of the Unitarian church in this city was observed with appropriate services. A large audience was present at the morning service. The subject of Mr. Phalen's strong and eloquent sermon was "The Fifth Milestone," and his text (Hebrews x. 23, 24, and 25) "Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering (for he is faithful that promised); and let us consider one another to provoke unto love and to good works: not forsaking the assemblying of ourselves together, as the manner of some is; but exhorting one another: and so much the more, as ye see the day approaching." The session of the Sunday-school at noon was marked by a roll-call which disclosed a gratifying interest in this branch of the church work. At the evening service another large audience gathered, this being the first of four Sunday evening services at which Mr. Phalen is to deliver four sermons on "Thoughts for the Times." The topic on the first evening was "The Unknown God"; and for the remaining four: "The Forgiveness of Sins," November 21; "Death and Afterwards," November 28; "The Unitarian Church: Its Glorious Gospel," December 5.

Exeter, N.H.—The Exeter guild of the Young People's Religious Union celebrated its tenth anniversary on the evening of the 11th by public exercises in the church, followed by an informal reception in Unity Hall. An interesting letter of reminiscence was read from Rev. A. C. Nickerson, under whose ministry the guild was organized. Mr. H. I. Bowles, now of the Harvard Law School, gave an excellently rendered violin solo. Rev. Ralph E. Conner, pastor of the Universalist church in Waltham and second president of the guild, Mr. E. B. Beckwith, and Mr. H. N. De Normandie of Danvers followed with interesting addresses. The principal address, by Rev. D. M. Wilson, was helpful and inspiring. Brief closing words were spoken by the pastor, Rev. Edward Green. The exercises were presided over by Mr. Ralph H. Bowles.

Greenfield, Mass.—Everything in the society at Greenfield, Mass., moves on pleasantly under the new pastor, Rev. John Dumont Reid. In October an evening reception was tendered Mr. and Mrs. Reid in the church parlor, largely attended, not only by the Unitarians, but by those of other churches, including several ministers of the town. November 4 the Ladies' Aid Society held a very successful sale and supper. The Franklin County Branch of the Alliance had an attendance of over seventy ladies at its first session, and a most interesting meeting, Mrs. Solley's address being especially enjoyed. The following is the winter's programme:—

October 18, "Unitarianism: Its Organization in America," Mrs. Charles B. Peabody; November 4, "Under the Shadow of St. Peter's," Mrs. Geo. W. Solley; December 2, "History of All Souls' Church," Mrs. Mary P. Wells Smith; January 6, Address on India, Mrs. J. W. Andrews of Boston; February 3, "Beethoven," Mrs. F. G. Fessenden; March 3, "Ancient and Modern Church Customs," Mrs. F. R. Allen; April 2, "Christian Science," Mrs. H. O. Smith; May 7, annual meeting, reports and election of officers, followed by five-minute papers or talks on hospitality, by Mrs. Spencer Fuller, Mrs. F. L. Greene, Mrs. F. B. Wells, Miss Ida F. Foster.

Each month, at the close of the business meeting, before the paper, fifteen minutes will be given to the Religious News Committee, who will present current items of interest in the religious world for discussion. The Committee on Poetry have selected these hymn-writers, to be read as follows: "Caroline Mason," Miss Marion Allen; "Eliza Scudder," Miss Grace Williams; "T. W. Higginson," Mrs. Norman Farwell; "Cardinal Newman," Mrs. Arthur Potter; "Samuel Willard," Miss Elizabeth Pratt; "Samuel Longfellow," Mrs. John E. Cornell; "W. C. Gannett," Miss Katharine Hartley.

Khasi Hills, India.—On Aug. 28, 1897, was celebrated the fourth anniversary of the Jowai Unitarian Free School. The schoolhouse was decorated as usual, although the traces of the memorable earthquake of June were still visible on the walls. Mr. S. E. Rita, the local magistrate, presided in the absence of Mrs. Rita, who was unable to attend, being busily engaged in supervising reconstruction of her houses in Shillong. The two boys, U Hedtuber and U Kat Serjeant, who passed the lower primary government examination, were each presented with a coat and trousers. Prizes were also given to deserving children who attended the day and the Sunday school. Copies of the *Every Other Sunday*, kindly sent us by Mrs. K. G. Wells and Miss A. E. Howard of Boston, U.S.A., were then distributed. The following gentlemen were present: Rev. David Edwards, our minister, Mr. Robin Roy, Mr. Joel Gatphoh, the sub-inspector of schools, Babu Nil Kanta Sen, the native doctor, Mr. Ráimuni, sub-inspector of police, and several other ladies and gentlemen. There was an entertainment of the school-children and friends in the evening. The school-house was illuminated.

On the following day, Sunday, was the fourth anniversary of the Jowai Unitarian church. Nine young members were baptized by Rev. David Edwards. The sermon in the afternoon was preached by Mr. Kissor Singh. In the evening there was the annual meeting. Rev. David Edwards, Robin Roy, Iang Kassar, Mrs. Ka Hirbon, and Mr. Kissor Singh, each briefly spoke of their experience and hope, and prospects of the gospel. Tea was served at the close of the service, and the members shook hands with one another before parting. We, the Unitarians of these hills, are not ashamed to be called by our true name "Unitarian." We like our name. We have a common statement of faith for the benefit of our members and of the inquirers. We do not wish to be vague because we are not creed-bound. To us the Unitarian religion is not so much a thought as a life.

HAJOM KISSOR SINGH.

Jackson, Mich.—Rev. F. V. Hawley began his pastorate at the Unitarian church Sunday, November 7. There was a good attendance. Mr. Hawley took his text from Hebrews xii. 1: "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

Our liberties come through a great cloud of witnesses, men and women who have lived noble, self-sacrificing lives which to us are an inspiration. When we see the powerful influence of these lives, we feel a sense of responsibility to the past. One of the strongest motives in life is character-building. Human sympathy is a strong power to reach the discouraged. The deep sympathy of a friend will often stimulate us to reach for higher aims and endeavors. The lives of great men is simply a challenge for us to emulate their example. We strive to serve the God of growth, the God of progress, always seeking after new truths. This church is not an exclusive one, but an inclusive one, the speaker stating that he was certain that he could feel at home in this church. We should welcome the high and low, the believer and unbeliever, into its membership. Our church must rest on the practical needs of life. We must come here for mutual help. This church must be made the workshop for the oratory of the soul.

Many are hungry for the food that is real. We need each other. Even Jesus needed the restful influence of the little Bethany home. We want the strength of fellowship of others to make the church the rallying centre. The church must be broad enough to give welcome to all. To the outcast and discouraged we should make this church a home where they might come under the influence of our love. It should be a place where all honest seekers might bend the knee. The word for us is forward. The church for humanity is worthy of striving after. The church should inspire a life of love, where the burden of its members are made lighter to endure. We must not insist upon uniforms. The best things do not come to us ready made, but are wrought out by us after a hard struggle, after long hours of patient study.

Michigan Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches.—The Michigan Conference met in the Unitarian church, Detroit, on November 3 to 5. The following churches were represented: Ann Arbor, by pastor and eleven delegates; Battle Creek, pastor and two delegates; Detroit, pastor and three delegates; Grand Haven, pastor; Grand Rapids, pastor and wife; Manistee, pastor; Jackson, pastor and five delegates; Lapeer, pastor, making thirty delegates from the churches of the State,—to which must be added Rev. A. G. Jennings and wife of Toledo, Ohio, who were welcomed together with their church into full fellowship in the Michigan Conference.

It was an inspiration to meet in the beautiful cathedral church of the liberal faith in Michigan, and to come under the delightful influence of Reed Stuart and his hospitable people, the rich fruits of his many years of labors in Detroit. The conference sermon was delivered by Rev. L. W. Sprague of Grand Rapids, who touched on the failures and successes of the liberal movement, calling attention to the three classes of liberal churches that have failed, and ought to fail; namely, those built in opposition to Orthodoxy, those built on a bigoted aristocratic exclusiveness, and those churches without a purpose,—saying with startling force that, the quicker all these false liberal churches fail and die, the better it will be for genuine liberal religion in the world. After this sermon an hour was spent in the parlors of the church in a warm social time.

Thursday forenoon was spent in business matters and in hearing reports from the churches. At the noon hour Miss Textor of Grand Haven won all hearts by her beautiful devotional service. Rev. George W. Buckley of Battle Creek opened the afternoon session with a thoughtful and discriminating address on "Manhood in the Pulpit," calling attention to the fact that there is just as much opportunity for the minister to make a martyr of himself to-day as in the days of Lovejoy or the early apostles. Rev. J. T. Sunderland followed with the story of "Liberal Religion in India," which was listened to by the large audience with all the interest that is usually given to a tale of romance.

The evening hour was occupied by Rev. T. P. Byrnes of Manistee and Mrs. Robert H. Davis of New York. Mrs. Davis stirred the ladies to a deeper interest in the work of the church, and especially to a greater interest in the activities of the Women's Alliance.

Friday afternoon was given to Sunday-school and club work. Rev. Lila Frost Sprague led off with a clear-cut paper on the "Personal Element in Sunday-school Work," which was followed by a lively discussion, in which Rev. Messrs. A. G. Jennings, S. J. Stewart, and the Jewish rabbi took part. This was followed by a very able paper by Mrs. A. G. Jennings of Toledo, Ohio, on club work.

The conference was closed Friday evening by two short addresses, the first by Mrs. Sunderland of Ann Arbor, who spoke on "Belief in Jesus as a Saving Power," which she interpreted to mean belief in Jesus' goodness and virtue, and the help that comes from putting into practice such belief. Mr. Jennings closed with an address on "The Unitarian Emphasis," which he found to be its method of free thought and open spirit.

The attendance at the conference was good, reaching five and six hundred on Wednesday and Thursday nights. Rev.

Lee McCollester, the Universalist minister of the city, was a regular attendant at the conference, and gave a very cordial greeting and word of fellowship to his fellow brothers and sisters in the conference. We are glad to welcome two new ministers to the conference, Rev. Messrs. S. J. Stewart of Battle Creek and Fred Hawley, who has recently settled at Jackson.

Kind words of greeting were received from the ladies of the Universalist church of Detroit. Resolutions were passed, thanking the Unitarian people of Detroit for their generous hospitality, the press of Detroit for its full reports of the conference, to Mrs. Davis for her interest and services to the conference. The conference also committed itself to the effort to put a missionary in the field who would take charge of such new movements in the State as Traverse City and Frankfort, and such other places as may call for our gospel.

The following officers were elected: Mr. A. C. Kingman, Battle Creek, president; Hon. W. D. Harriman, Ann Arbor, vice-president; Rev. L. W. Sprague, Grand Rapids, secretary; Mr. A. M. Tinker Jackson, treasurer.

THOMAS P. BYRNES, *Secretary.*

New York, N.Y.—The installation of Rev. Thomas R. Slicer as pastor of All Souls', New York, on Thursday evening, November 18, was a memorable occasion. Mr. Horton's sermon was highly characteristic and suggestive. Mr. Harsen Rhoades's welcome to Mr. Slicer from the congregation was remarkably felicitous; and the right hand and charge, by Messrs. Wright and Savage, were conceived in a very simple and straightforward manner. Mr. Chadwick's address to the people concluded the service.

Portland, Ore.—Much pleasure was felt at the announcement last month of the engagement of Miss Dorothea Eliot to the pastor, Rev. E. M. Wilbur. The Fraternity has taken up the study of early American history, the course extending through the Revolution. At the annual election of officers, Mrs. Ralph Wilbur was made president for the coming year. On October 17 a union meeting was held with the young people of the Universalist church. The religious meetings of the Fraternity have been unusually successful this fall. Vesper services are now held Sundays at 4.45. Early in the summer a friend gave the Sunday-school a beautiful photograph of the Sistine Madonna, which now hangs in the place of the rather unsightly blackboard. The change is a most refreshing one. Mr. Wilbur preached this morning on "The Cardinal Unitarian Principles." The subject is to be followed next Sunday by a sermon on "The Main Beliefs of Unitarians."

Providence, R.I.—The Unitarian Club held its first meeting of the season on Monday evening, November 8. After the usual supper President Jencks introduced Rev. Thomas R. Slicer of New York, who gave a most inspiring and enjoyable address on "The Duties and Possibilities of our Club." Rev. John P. Forbes of Taunton also addressed the club with his customary ability and force. The next meeting, December 13, will be "Ladies' Night."

—Rev. William F. Furman has resigned his pastorate of the Olney Street Congregational Church. At the annual meeting of the society it was voted not to accept the resignation; but subsequently the resignation was accepted, at Mr. Furman's request. Resolutions have been unanimously adopted, placing on record the high esteem and regard which the society has felt for Mr. Furman.

Salem, Mass.—There seems to be a genuine revival of interest in the work of our churches in this city. The First Church is well attended, and is active in all its branches. The newly organized Guild is prosperous, and the Alliance is busy with a course of lectures besides its regular work.

The North Church vesper services are very largely attended by representatives of all the churches in town. The Sunday-school teachers' meeting, in the vestry of this church, on Saturday afternoons, interests a goodly number.

The union of the Barton Square and East Churches progresses with wonderful unanimity, and all seem happy in the new relation.

The new Second Church, which is to succeed the old organization, is organized, and bids fair to be strong, and full of a spirit of devotion and service.

Springfield, Mass.—Church of the Unity: The Unity Club held its first meeting of the season October 28, in the vestry. The following officers were elected: president, Geo. A. Bacon; vice-president, Joseph Pynchon; secretary, Miss Edith Ferre; treasurer, N. F. Balantine; chairman Entertainment Committee, Miss Harriet Smith; chairman Study Committee, Geo. Brown; chairman Dramatic Committee, Miss Marion Sterns. The meeting was adjourned for two weeks, and on November 11 a social and business meeting of the club was held. Music was furnished by John Hermann Loud and Miss Belle Mozart. The St. Theresa Branch of the King's Daughters met at the parsonage October 29, and made plans for their winter's work. The plans included a series of cooking lessons, with Miss Mildred Morehouse

as teacher, and an entertainment to be given November 19. It was finally decided that this entertainment should be an Art Tea; and it was held on two days, the 19th and 20th. Mr. Willis S. Adams of Suffield, Conn., exhibited a large number of his water-colors and some of the work of his pupils. The officers of the King's Daughters are: president, Mrs. Bradley Gilman; vice-president, Miss Eleanor Townsley; secretary, Miss Anna Bryan; treasurer, Miss Dora Cook. The Women's Alliance held an afternoon tea and regular meeting Thursday afternoon, November 18. The subject of the meeting was the Post-office Mission and Cheerful Letter Exchange. Miss Emily Coffin and Miss Clara Hoar gave reports of the work of the Post-office Mission; and Mrs. Nichols of Allston, secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, described its work. It was voted to take up the Cheerful Letter Exchange work; and Miss Lizzie Bangs, Miss Clara Hoar, Miss Mary Ames, Mrs. L. B. Briggs, and Mrs. D. E. Webster will undertake the correspondence. The pastor, Rev. Bradley Gilman, has given two of a series of four lectures on "Great Religious Reformers." On November 7 he lectured on John Huss, and on November 14 Savonarola was his subject.

St. Louis, Mo.—Following the plan inaugurated last year at the Church of the Unity, there was a union service on Thanksgiving Day, in which six congregations were represented and their ministers took part; namely, the two Unitarian churches, the non-sectarian church, the Ethical Culture Society, and the two leading Jewish congregations of the city. The service was held in the Temple Shaare Emeth, a beautiful new edifice, which was dedicated last February. There were about nine hundred people present. There were congregational hymns, including "America," and a responsively read psalm. Mr. Snyder, Mr. Hosmer, Mr. Sheldon, Dr. Cave, and Rabbi Sale and Rabbi Harrison gave short addresses upon different aspects of the day. The temple choir gave excellent musical selections. The service lasted an hour and a quarter, and was heartily entered into and enjoyed by the large congregation.

Walpole, Mass.— On the evening of November 18 the Unity Club of Walpole met in the First Parish vestry. Rev. Charles F. Dole lectured on "What One can see in Two Months' Vacation in Scotland and Norway." The lecture was intensely interesting. As it was the eighth anniversary of the marriage of the pastor and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Savage, the people of the parish used the occasion to present them with a bouquet of rare chrysanthemums and an envelope containing a handsome sum of money. Mr. Savage responded by expressing appreciation for the generosity of the parish in the past as well as in the present, and for their hearty co-operation with him and his wife in all parish work. Rev. F. C. Putnam of the Congregational society was present, and congratulated the society upon having such a helpful organization as Unity Club. He also spoke of the harmony existing between the two churches, and of the esteem in which Mr. and Mrs. Savage are held outside the parish in which they work. An hour was spent in social intercourse.

Warwick, Mass.—Rev. H. R. Hubbard has been preaching for the First Congregational Society since the middle of October, and has accepted a call to the pastorate. This society has faithful supporters, who are determined to see progress in the advancement of our faith in this old hill town.

Waterville, Me.—On November 16 the Unitarian society tendered to their new pastor, Rev. J. H. Barker, formerly of Pembroke, Mass., a cordial and enthusiastic reception. The church parlors, beautiful of themselves, were richly adorned with potted plants and flowers. Nearly two hundred persons were present, including the pastors of all the churches in the city, representatives from the university, and many others guests.

West Roxbury, Mass.—The first regular meeting of the Unitarian Club was held October 20. Supper was served at 6.30, after which the subject of "Trusts" was discussed. During the season papers will be read on the following subjects: "Church and Temperance," "United States and Annexation," "Success," "Influence of Clubs," "Functions of Religion," "Education Productive of Happiness."

A very enjoyable concert was given during the month by the Beacon Orchestral Club, Mrs. M. Sherman Raymond, conductor, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the vesper music. The Alliance met in the church parlors October 27, with a large number present. The paper for the afternoon was the "Hymns of Israel," by Miss Grace G. Cowing, assisted by Mrs. L. W. Peters, whose chanting of Psalms added much to the scholarly and artistic paper. On November 3 was held the first parish supper and social of the season. Although the attendance was small, an enjoyable evening was passed. Vesper services were resumed on the second Sunday in November. Mr. Hussey gave a short address on "A Household of Faith"; and music was rendered by Miss Bromley, soprano, and Miss Donner, organist.

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